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THACKERAY

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The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.

Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in Brown University

The Lake English Classics

Thackeray's English Humorists

OF THE

Eighteenth Century

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY

J. W. CUNLIFFE, D.Lit.

AND

H. A. WATT, Ph.D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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PREFACE

The text of this edition is founded upon a careful comparison of the first two English editions (of which one of the editors was fortunate enough to possess copies) with the first American edition, a copy of which, formerly belonging to Mr. Andrew D. White, was very kindly lent by the Cornell University Library. Hannay's notes, which were appended to the original editions, are excluded as unsuited to the purpose for which this volume is intended; there is no proof that Thackeray had any hand in their preparation, and their omission gives room for explanatory matter very much more to the purpose; in the one or two cases where Hannay's comments seemed helpful, they have been retained, and, of course, duly acknowledged. The notes in this volume have been prepared by Dr. Watt, who wishes to acknowledge his obligations to previous editors; for the introduction I am responsible; the text we did together.

J. W. Cunliffe.

University of Wisconsin.
February, 1911.

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THACKERAY

Thackeray belonged, as one of his English biographers says, to "quite the upper middle class." Family tradition gave his original namesake, William Makepeace, a place among the Protestant martyrs of the reign of Queen Mary. His great grand-father was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and headmaster of Harrow. Both his grandfathers were in the service of the East India Company; so was his father; and it was at Calcutta that he himself was born on July 18, 1811. His father died when he was four years old, and when he was six he was sent to England to be educated. One of his earliest recollections was of landing at the island of St. Helena on the voyage, and seeing Napoleon I, who was imprisoned there:

> My black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on." (Thackeray's Lecture on *George III.*)

The little boy lived for a while near London with his aunt, who was alarmed to find that he could wear her husband's hat. She took him to a celebrated London physician, who reassured her, saying: "He has a large head, but there's a good deal in it." His brain, as a matter of fact, was of unusual size, but he gave little evidence of this either at the school he first attended at Chiswick Mall (probably described as "Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies" in the first chapter of *Vanity Fair*) or at Charterhouse, to which he was sent when his mother

returned from India with her second husband, Major Carmichael Smyth, in 1822. Thackeray was neither happy nor successful at the great London public school, though he came in after-life to look back on it with warm affection, and often described it in his novels. He was not distinguished either at sports or at studies, but was popular among his schoolfellows for his kindly disposition and his faculty for making humorous verses and drawings. In 1828, to his own great relief, he left Charterhouse, and early the next year entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he led the same "lazy but pleasant and 'gentlemanlike' life" he would have adopted at school, but for his terror of the headmaster. Dr. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, who was an undergraduate with Thackeray, says that "though careless of university distinction, he had a vivid appreciation of English poetry, and chanted the praises of the old English novelists, especially his model, Fielding. He had always a flow of humor and pleasantry, and was made much of by his friends. At supper-parties, though not talkative — rather observant — he enjoyed the humors of the hour, and sang one or two old songs with great applause." Probably Thackeray's greatest gain from his college days lay in the friendships he formed — some of them, as with Tennyson and Fitzgerald, the translator of *Omar Khayyam,* lasting all through his life. He contributed to a little university paper, called *The Snob,* a parody on the subject of Tennyson's prize poem *Timbuctoo,* and other skits. He formed "strong resolutions" to begin a more regular course of reading "to-morrow," and wrote to his mother: "I have some thoughts of writing, for a college prize, an

English essay on 'The influence of the Homeric Poems on the Religion, the Politics, the Literature and Society of Greece,' but it will require much reading, which I fear I have not time to bestow on it." These good resolutions came to nothing, and after two years' residence Thackeray left Cambridge without a degree.

After a continental tour Thackeray settled for a while at Weimar to study German literature. He enjoyed the society of the "dear little Saxon city" and won his way by his kindly manners and love of children, for whom he delighted to draw funny pictures. Some of these attracted the notice of Goethe, the grand patriarch of European letters, then eighty-one years of age. A quarter of a century later Thackeray wrote the following description of the interview:

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimerath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas reliefs. He was habited in a long gray or drab redingot, with a white neckcloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melnoth, the Wanderer,* which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendor. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I

recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent. . . .

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of art and letters. The theater, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the Adel [the Nobility]. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of humankind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Thackeray had at this time some notion of preparing himself for the diplomatic service — a scheme that was soon abandoned. He did not take any more kindly to preparation for the law, which he found "one of the most cold-blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention that ever a man was slave to," and as soon as he came of age he gave that up too. His next venture was in journalism, on the staff of *The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts,* owned in part by his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth, whom he greatly admired and took later as a model for his most lovable character, Colonel Newcome. Thackeray became editor and proprietor of the paper, which soon came to a

disastrous end; he lost part of his small fortune in it, and the rest went in equally rash speculations about the same time. While acting as Paris correspondent of the *National Standard,* he had serious thoughts of turning artist; but his marriage in 1836 made it necessary for him to earn his living, and journalism was his only practical resource. He had already begun to contribute to *Fraser's Magazine,* one of the leading periodicals of the day; he also wrote for the London *Times* and the New York *Corsair.* His first novel, the *Shabby Genteel Story* (for *Catherine* is a mere satirical extravaganza) was running in *Fraser* in 1840, when it was cut short at the ninth chapter by the illness of his wife, whose mind gave way after a fever. She never recovered, and Thackeray, not yet thirty years old, was left virtually a widower, with two little girls to look after. His life was permanently saddened, for he was a man of strong domestic affections, but he did not repine. Many years after, he wrote to a young friend about to be married:

> I married at your age, with £400, paid by a newspaper which failed six months afterwards, and always love to hear of a young fellow testing his fortune bravely in that way. If I can see my way to help you, I will. Though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it over again, for behold, Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond, published in *Fraser* in 1841, was appreciated by the critics, if not by the public, and in the same year an opportunity was opened for Thackeray's satirical genius by the foundation of the great English comic paper, *Punch,* to which he contributed for many years, both with pen and pencil. *Barry Lyndon,* published in *Fraser* in 1844, is now acknowledged to be

his first great novel, but at the time public recognition came slowly; in 1845, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* could still write to one of his contributors:

> Will you tell me, confidentially of course, whether you know anything of a Mr. Thackeray, about whom Longman has written me, thinking he would be a good hand for light articles? He (Longman) says that this Mr. Thackeray is one of the best writers in *Punch*. One requires to be very much on one's guard in engaging with mere strangers. In a journal like the Edinbro' it is always of importance to keep up in respect of names.

Whatever may be the cause, Thackeray's biographers have had to admit that in 1846 he was unknown except to the critics and his own intimate friends. His long struggle affords a remarkable contrast to the immediate success of his great contemporary and rival, Dickens, who was born a year later and whose *Pickwick Papers* (1836), Thackeray, when he was still hesitating between the pen and the pencil, offered (in vain) to illustrate. It was not until 1847-8 that the publication of *Vanity Fair* placed Thackeray in a position of acknowledged preëminence, and made him independent of the periodicals. *Pendennis* (1848-50), although it takes rank among Thackeray's great novels, has weak places, due no doubt to the fact that it was written under the strain of severe illness; it was not a popular success, and Thackeray was glad of the opportunity to add to his income by a course of lectures, given in London in the spring of 1851, on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. Among his hearers were Carlyle, Dickens, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, and other notabilities, and the series was so successful that it was repeated in various parts of Great Britain. In November, 1851, he wrote to a friend: "I am going to take these lectures

to America, and to make a little fortune out of them, I hope, for my little people." As soon as *Esmond* was published, in October, 1852, Thackeray left Liverpool for Boston, the three volumes of the novel being placed in his hands just as the vessel sailed.

Thackeray looked forward to the voyage with a fearfulness which seems almost laughable in these days of safe and speedy transatlantic travel; but he found it not so bad as he had expected, and on his arrival in the United States he was touched by the genuine kindness and cordiality of his reception. Below are given two extracts from letters he sent home, the first from New York, the second from Baltimore:

I didn't expect to like the people as I do, but am agreeably disappointed, and find many most pleasant companions, natural and good; natural and well read, and well bred, too; and I suppose am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures. . . . . Nobody is quiet here, no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream.

Now I have seen three great cities—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is a very good literate company, indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that—a vast amount of Toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious; it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties, and have a daughter, to get all the world to him.

When Mr. W. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, with whom he made a lasting friendship, asked him what were his impressions of the States, he answered:

You know what a virtue-proud people we English are. We think we have got it all to ourselves. Now that which most

impresses me here is that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic virtues as gentle; the English language, though the accent be a little different, with its home-like melody; and the Common Prayer Book in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else.

One of the incidents of the great novelist's journey from Boston to New York is told by Thackeray himself in a letter written to a Brooklyn boy who asked for his autograph:

N. York. Sunday Dec. 19 (1852).

My Dear Sir,—I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better; and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper.

As I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book, pleased by his kind face and friendly voice which seemed as it were to welcome me and my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, and hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love and Truth are the best of all: pray God that young and old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you and others show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful Servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.*

*From J. G. Wilson's *Thackeray in the United States.*

Thackeray made a favorable impression, both on those who had the good fortune to meet him socially, and on the larger number who only heard him lecture. Of his personal appearance Mr. T. C. Evans wrote:

Thackeray looked like a gentleman laid out by Nature on broad and generous lines: his head large, and thrown slightly backward from his broad, erect shoulders: he had a fresh, clean-shaven look, his face rather pale, but with a trace of color. His hair was a trifle grayish; a British whisker, also grayish, ran down in front of each ear to his collar; his spectacles were large and insistent, and his nose more depressed than that of Michael Angelo after the mallet blow of Torrigiano. His gait and movement were free and swinging, his dress was of notable neatness and gentility, and his glance seemed to annex and appropriate everything it fell on.

William Cullen Bryant, reporting the first lecture in the New York *Evening Post*, said: "The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives." G. W. Curtis, looking back upon the lectures in after years, exclaims:

Who that heard is likely to forget them? His huge figure filled the pulpit, and the desk was raised so that he could easily read his manuscript. He stood erect and perfectly still: his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, or the thumbs and forefingers into the waistcoat pockets, and in that deep, melodious and flexible voice he read his essays. No purely literary lectures were ever half so interesting. As he moved on, his felicitous skill flashed out the living form of each man he described like a torch upon a statue. Probably most of those who heard him will always owe their impression of Fielding, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, Pope, Congreve, and Dick Steele to Thackeray's lectures.

Thackeray was deeply affected by the appreciation of his New York hearers, and at the conclusion of the course added the following words of acknowledgment:

In England it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry, which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not be even understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Mr. Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Bancroft and Irving to represent the republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you, and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters and honored in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father.

As a result of the lectures in New York and Brooklyn, Thackeray was able to deposit five thousand dollars with his New York bankers, and an extra lecture on *Charity and Humor* (included in this edition) realized over a

thousand dollars for a New York charity. The lectures were proportionately successful in Boston, Philadelphia, and the other large cities Thackeray visited, but in the end the prolonged round of hospitality made him melancholy and homesick. In January, he wrote home from Philadelphia:

O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before.

In April, he was in New York again, projecting a Canadian tour, but the advertisement of a liner one morning proved a temptation too strong to be resisted, and, bidding a hasty farewell to his friends, he sailed that very day.

His next important publication, *The Rose and the Ring* (1854), was begun to amuse a little American girl, the daughter of William Wetmore Story, during her illness at Rome; but the main occupation of the two years immediately following the first American tour was his great novel, *The Newcomes*, begun at Baden in the summer of 1853 and finished at Paris in June, 1855. A reference in the second chapter of the story to Washington's American soldiers as "rebels" gave offence, and Thackeray wrote to the *Athenæum* to explain himself, pointing out that in England the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest, and adding:

Rebels! of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause.

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the Champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.

In the spring of 1855 Thackeray repeated in London his New York lecture on *Charity and Humor*, and the generous reference at the close to Dickens was as generously acknowledged by his great contemporary:

[London] March 23, 1855.

My dear Thackeray,—I have read in the "Times" to-day an account of your last night's lecture, and cannot refrain from assuring you, in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier, I am certain.

Faithfully yours ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In the fall of 1855 Thackeray paid his second visit to this country, to deliver his lectures on *The Four Georges*. Unlike the first course, which had been previously delivered in England, these lectures were intended for the United States, and finished in New York. Thackeray repeated at this second visit his former triumphs, social and literary; he was warmly welcomed by his old friends and made many new ones. A characteristic incident of this second lecture-tour is thus related by his friend Reed:

On his return to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1856, from the south and west, a number of his friends—I as much as anyone—

urged him, unwisely as it turned out, to repeat his lectures on "The Humorists." He was very loath to do it, but finally yielded, being, I doubt not, somewhat influenced by the pecuniary inducements accidentally held out to him. A young bookseller of this city offered him a round sum—not very large, but, under the circumstances, quite liberal, for the course—which he accepted. The experiment was a failure. It was late in the season, with long days and shortening nights, and the course was a stale one, and the lectures had been printed, and the audiences were thin, and the bargain was disastrous, not to him, but to the young gentleman who had ventured it. We were all disappointed and mortified; but Thackeray took it good-humoredly; the only thing that seemed to disturb him being his sympathy with the man of business. "I don't mind the empty benches, but I cannot bear to see that sad, pale-faced young man as I come out, who is losing money on my account." This he used to say at my house when he came home to a frugal and not very cheerful supper after the lecture. Still the bargain had been fairly made, and was honorably complied with; and the money was paid and remitted, through my agency, to him at New York. I received no acknowledgment of the remittance, and recollect well that I felt not a little annoyed at this; the more so when, on picking up a newspaper, I learned that Thackeray had sailed for home. The day after he had gone, when there could be no refusal, I received a certificate of deposit on his New York bankers for an amount quite sufficient to meet any loss incurred, as he thought, on his behalf.

In the same spirit, during his first tour, Thackeray insisted on returning half his fee at Providence, where the attendance was small. He wrote home: "Nobody must lose money by me in America, where I have had such a welcome and hospitality."

Thackeray's second visit to America had important consequences for his life and work. He conceived and gathered material for his next novel, *The Virginians,*

which was completed after his return and published in 1857-9. The radical views expressed in *The Four Georges* excited some surprise in England, but Thackeray did not hesitate to repeat the lectures "straight out from the American MS." As a matter of fact, he had always held advanced political opinions. As early as 1844 he wrote to his mother:

> We are all agog about the adhesion of Lord John and Lord Morpeth to the Corn Laws. Peel is to go out, they say, and Whigs resume sway. What a lick-spittle of a country it is, where a couple of lords who have held aloof from the corn-law battle, calmly step in at the end of it, head the party, and take all the prize money! What a fine fellow Cobden is. His speech in to-day's paper is a model of oratory, I think; so manly, clear, and upright.

Of the money Thackeray made by his lectures (about fifty thousand dollars, more than half of it in the United States), he spent part in contesting the city of Oxford for parliament in the Liberal interest — unsuccessfully, to the great relief of his friends.

The closing chapter of Thackeray's life may be very briefly told. In 1860 he found a new interest in editing, with remarkable success, the newly founded *Cornhill Magazine*, for which he wrote two novels, *Lovel the Widower* and *The Adventures of Philip*, as well as *The Roundabout Papers*, which contain some of his best occasional essays. But he was too soft-hearted to reject contributions from deserving but incompetent contributors, to whom he sent money out of his own pocket rather than disappoint them; and he was glad to hand over the cares of editorship to his son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, in order to

devote all his energies to his last novel, *Denis Duval*, in which he seemed to be recovering his old verve and skill. But it was still unfinished when, on Christmas Eve, 1863, the great novelist was found dead in bed. His death at this season recalled to many of his admirers his own Christmas lines:

> My song, save this, is little worth;
> I lay the weary pen aside,
> And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
> As fits the solemn Christmas-tide,
> As fits the holy Christmas birth.
> Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
> Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
> To men of gentle will!

II

The satirical bent of Thackeray's genius made him much misunderstood. Early disappointments, domestic calamity, and persistent ill-health saddened his life, and his keen insight into character prevented him from accepting the superficial views of human benevolence which often pass current in the world. But he was essentially kind-hearted, and of an affectionate disposition. Many stories are told of his unfailing and considerate generosity to people in distress; and his devotion to children in general — and to his own in particular — was often remarked. Mr. Hodder, who accompanied Thackeray on his second American tour as his secretary, bears witness to the difficulty with which the great novelist restrained his emotion on parting from his two daugh-

ters. His "girls," as he used to call them, were constantly in his thoughts; and it was to making provision for them that all the efforts of his later life were directed. In one of his best poems, *The White Squall*, he wrote:

> And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea,
> I thought, as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.

Thackeray was a sincerely religious man, as many passages in his writings show. The year before he died, on moving into a new house he had built, he entered in his diary this prayer:

> I pray Almighty God that the words I write in this house may be pure and honest; that they may be dictated by no personal spite, unworthy motive, or unjust greed for gain; that they may tell the truth as far as I know it; and tend to promote love and peace amongst men, for the sake of Christ our Lord.

Thackeray had many friends, and those who knew him best were the first to resent the charge of cynicism sometimes urged against him. It was this baseless charge which was answered at the time of his death by one of his old comrades on the staff of *Punch*:

> He was a cynic: by his life all wrought
> Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;
> His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
> His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic: you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes, with childlike candor lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic: by the love that clung
About him from his children, friends and kin:
By the sharp pain light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

He was a cynic: let his books confess—
His *Dobbin's* silent love; or yet more rare,
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness;
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

. . . . . .

Through Vanity's bright flaunting fair he walked,
Making the puppets dance, the jugglers play;
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort balked,
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward way;

And told us what he saw; and if he smiled,
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—
But more of love than either. Undefiled,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

And gift of courtesy and grace of love,
When shall his friends find such another friend?
For them, and for his children, God above
Has comfort. Let us bow: God knows the end.

As a matter of fact, Thackeray was, as a French critic pointed out long ago, less of a cynic than a sentimentalist in the better sense of the word — that is, he had more than usual sympathy for innocence, and goodness, — and he would no doubt have indulged his natural vein of sentiment more freely in his writings if it had not been kept in check by his stern regard for truth. "To tell the truth as far as I know it" was the aim he constantly set

before himself. "If my tap is not genuine, it is naught, and no one should give himself the trouble to drink it." "It's generally best to understand perfectly what you mean, and to express your meaning clearly afterwards, in the simpler words the better"— herein lies no small part of the charm of his style, which is absolutely free from affectation and self-consciousness. He could say fearlessly:

> Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
> Nor signed a page that registered a lie.

But his devotion to truth did not prevent his essential kindliness from being apparent, both to his friends and to the discerning reader. It was this that won for him the praise of that severest of judges, Thomas Carlyle: "He had many fine qualities; no guile or malice against any mortal." When James Hannay, who annotated the first edition of the *English Humorists* for him, attempted to modify the unfavorable opinion expressed in the lectures of the character of Swift, Thackeray wrote:

> You haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. Love is a higher intellectual exercise than Hatred: and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones.

It is characteristic of Thackeray that in the *Humorists* he made it his object, as he himself says, "rather to describe the men than their works; or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers." Men rather than books, and hearts rather than minds, were what interested him.

Thackeray had little respect for purely intellectual power; and he had a wholesome reverence for goodness and kindness, even when accompanied by stupidity. This is the explanation of his severe judgments of Swift and Sterne; the cynicism of the former, and the petty vices of the latter were alike intolerable to him. He was nearer in sympathy to the kind-hearted, though erring, Dick Steele; to the pious Addison; to the thriftless, vain, but gentle Goldsmith; and above all, to the "brave, generous, truth-telling" Fielding. Thackeray had not the modern scholar's craze for accuracy, and his lectures have been corrected in some points of detail. His appreciation of Swift is insufficient, as indeed are all attempts to understand fully that great and mysterious genius; his appraisal of Pope errs perhaps on the other side of undue gentleness. But, taken as a whole, the *English Humorists* is an admirable example of Thackeray's great-hearted sympathy and keen insight into human excellence and human frailty. The power which made *Vanity Fair* the greatest picture of the society of his time, in its strength as well as in its weakness, the knowledge of the eighteenth century which made *Esmond* the most perfect of historical novels, are exhibited in the *Humorists,* on a smaller scale it is true, for the canvas is smaller, but with unerring fidelity, right feeling, and sureness of touch. There is no scorn, except of baseness and cruelty; and even when the satirist laughs at the frailties of poor humanity, there is tenderness behind. An Irishman once reproached Thackeray for always making fun of the Irish, adding "you don't like us." Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife — born in County Cork — and

turning away his head, he exclaimed: "God help me! all that I have loved best in the world is Irish."

That is why Thackeray says that Swift was no Irishman; his "heart was English." And yet, how quick Thackeray is to respond to the pathetic words of Swift, which recall his love for Stella, — *Only a woman's hair* —"only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion:— only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim."

On themes such as this Thackeray could rise from his simple, easy, natural style to heights of noble eloquence; and he carries his readers with him all the more readily because he does not often appeal to the more obvious springs of pathos. His moral and religious feelings were deep-seated — guiding principles of life, not precepts to be uttered to any chance comer, on every occasion. But no moralist gives us saner views of life and conduct; and thoughtful youth can find no sounder, as well as no more delightful guide.

> Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
> Let young and old accept their part,
> And bow before the Awful Will,
> And bear it with an honest heart,
> Who misses or who wins the prize.
> Go lose or conquer as you can;
> But if you fail, or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
>
> —*The End of the Play.*

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF THACKERAY'S LIFE

1811.	Born at Calcutta.
1817.	Came to England.
1822–8.	Charterhouse.
1829–30.	Trinity College, Cambridge.
1830.	Weimar.
1831.	Middle Temple.
1833–4.	*The National Standard.*
1836–7.	*The Constitutional.*
1836.	Marriage.
1838.	*Yellowplush Correspondence* in *Fraser's Magazine.*
1840.	*Paris Sketch Book.*
	Mrs. Thackeray's illness.
1841.	*History of Samuel Titmarsh.*
	The Great Hoggarty Diamond.
	Punch founded.
1843.	*Irish Sketch Book.*
1844.	*Barry Lyndon.*
1846.	*Cornhill to Cairo.*
1847–8.	*Vanity Fair.*
1848–50.	*Pendennis.*
1851.	Lectures on *English Humorists* in London.

1852. *Esmond.*
1852–3. First visit to the United States.
1853–5. *The Newcomes.*
1854. *The Rose and the Ring.*
1855–6. *The Four Georges* — second tour in the United States.
1857. Oxford Candidature.
1857–9. *The Virginians.*
1860. *Cornhill Magazine* started.
1861–2. *The Adventures of Philip.*
1860–3. *Roundabout Papers.*
1863. Died December 24.
1864. *Denis Duval* (unfinished).

A FEW USEFUL BOOKS FOR STUDENTS OF THACKERAY

Biographical Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray.

Life, by Sir Leslie Stephen, in the Dictionary of National Biography (reprinted in the above).

A Collection of Letters by W. M. Thackeray, 1847-55.

H. Merivale and F. T. Marzials — *Life of Thackeray.*

Lewis Melville — *Life of Thackeray.*

G. K. Chesterton — *Thackeray.*

C. Whibley — *Thackeray.*

Eyre Crowe — *With Thackeray in America.*

J. G. Wilson — *Thackeray in the United States.*

THE
ENGLISH HUMORISTS
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS

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LECTURE THE FIRST

SWIFT

In treating of the English Humorists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humorous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin, — a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If humor only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh; but the men regard-

ing whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness — your scorn for untruth, pretention, imposture — your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him, — sometimes love him; and as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he has gone, — and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents and of a good English family of clergymen, Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practice there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild and witty and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1693, and the next year took orders in Dublin; but he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got, and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester

Johnson, Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship while they were both dependents of Temple's; and with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of Saint Patrick, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels." He married Hester Johnson (Stella), and buried Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January, 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but cannot bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson, who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Doctor Wilde of Dublin, who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most

malignant of his biographers." It is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen, — perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakspere's shoe-black, — just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, — to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latchkey, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson and Goldsmith and James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition. But Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he

would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you, — watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world; he would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humor, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you, and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence. He would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you; and after fighting your battles, masked, in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke:—"All my endeavors to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or a coach-and-six."

Could there be a greater candor? It is an outlaw who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;" and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society

stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my Lord Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue ribbon, and my Lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from Saint James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax; that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day; that public society was in a strange, disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost; the bells rang in William's victory in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves; they, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble, almost everybody gambled; as in the Railway mania, not many centuries ago, almost every one took his unlucky share. A man of that time of the vast talents and ambition of Swift could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent

misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigation. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter, like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury or disappointment or self-will. What public man, what statesman projecting a *coup,* what king determined on an invasion of his neighbor, what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, cannot give a pretext for his move? There was a French general the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen. There is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn; they are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck, as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact of which nobody will deny the sister island the honor and glory; but it seems to me he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo. Goldsmith was an Irishman, and always an Irishman; Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman; Swift's

heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English. His statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money, — with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery; he lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness. Dreading ridicule, too, as a man of his humor — above all, an Englishman of his humor — certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed. One often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship, wore a cassock that was only not a livery, bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my Lady's good graces, or run on his Honor's errands. It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the

men who had governed the great world, — measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them and tried them and marked them. Ah, what platitudes he must have heard, what feeble jokes, what pompous commonplaces! What small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary! I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service, — ate humble pie, and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good-breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelop his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it; he retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park, and lets the King's party and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but

there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, — Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat, between his study-chair and his tulip-beds, clipping his apricots and pruning his essays, — the statesman, the ambassador no more, but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at Saint James's as at Shene; where, in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty, or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse, or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigous deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed and warmed and cuddled by the people round about him as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men, —

> "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate."

As for Dorinda, his sister, —

> "Those who would grief describe might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul
> That furnished spirit and motion through the whole."

Is not that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy

the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his Honor's heels in the garden walk, or taking his Honor's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds, it must be hard work at the second table; the Irish secretary owned as much afterwards; and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards, — and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known, — and what a contempt his Excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin! (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter, with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things, — above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square toes and periwig, — when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps for the Irish secretary his Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues and *plates-bandes,* and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hes-

perides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *À propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man, — that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens. Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), "His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them;" and one person in that household — that pompous, stately, kindly Moor Park — saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broken from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage

again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders.

"The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your Honor's family, — that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your Honor's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities.* This is all I dare at present beg from your Honor, under circumstances of life not worth your regard. What is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your Honor and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your Honor's lady and sister."

Can prostration fall deeper? Could a slave bow lower? Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says:—

"Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esquire, going into the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'he

shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Doctor Swift to follow him. Both went off just before prayers."

There's a little malice in the Bishop's "just before prayers."

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man; he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman — no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of St. Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right; and the bishops who advised Queen Anne, when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the "Tale

of a Tub " to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the " Beggar's Opera;" Gay, the wildest of the wits about town, — it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen and the bishops and the world were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humor. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss — Harry Fielding and Dick Steele — were especially loud, and I believe really fervent, in their expressions of belief; they belabored freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed and persecute their neighbor's; and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behavior, they got upon

their knees and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes, poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred popery, atheism, and wooden shoes and idolatries in general, and hiccupped Church and State with fervor.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end; he could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him, — a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright and dazzling and strong, — to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives and expose the black thoughts of men, — an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library; you, whose friends were Pope and St. John, — what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit; for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire. The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets. They have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant, — he is too great and too proud for that; and in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony! what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakspere otherwise. The giants must live apart; the kings can have no company. But this man suffered so, and deserved so to suffer! One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The "sæva indignatio" of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone (as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry), breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writings, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance

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of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous "Drapier's Letters" patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy. The assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage; it is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them. One admires not the cause, so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these. In a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it; rages against children. An object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele or Goldsmith or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous "Modest Proposal" for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre. "I have been assured," says he, in the "Modest Proposal," "by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût*." And taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect

gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways: he hashes it, and he serves it up cold, and he garnishes it, and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as "dropped from its dam," advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! "A child," says his Reverence, "will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish," and so on. And the subject being so delightful that he cannot leave it, he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, "the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve." Amiable humorist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practised in the Dean's gay days: when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called "roasting" him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the "Almanach des Gourmands" says, "On naît rôtisseur."

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In "Gulliver," the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and among his favorite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own

practice and example — God help him! — which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of humor. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the First Minister who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the "Royal Sovereign," the King of Brobdingnag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine" (what a surprising humor there is in this description!) — "the Emperor's features," Gulliver says, "are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his Court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders."

What a surprising humor there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard; we have all read in Milton of the spear that was like "the mast of some great ammiral." But these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him; he is turning it in a thousand ways; he is full of it. The

figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, — as in that wonderful passage when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box! It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag, he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humor, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver in the unpronounceable country, describes his parting from his master the horse.

"I took," he says, "a second leave of my master; but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honor to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favors they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion."

The surprise here; the audacity of circumstantial evidence; the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant of how much he had been censured; the nature of the favor conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, — are surely complete. It is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humor and conduct of this famous fable, I

suppose there is no person who reads but must admire. As for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience may not have read the last part of Gulliver; and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say, "Don't." When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked, howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him; and he describes himself as "almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of "Gulliver's Travels" is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language, — a monster gibbering shrieks and gnashing imprecations against mankind; tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed, — the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of "Gulliver" is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility; the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dulness, the mean aims, the base successes, — all these were present to him. It was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory, — of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile; and his passions are so monstrous and his boasted powers so mean that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had

this man done? What secret remorse was rankling at his heart, what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world bloodshot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear does not care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift!

A remarkable story is told by Scott of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

The most unhappy man on earth, — *miserrimus!* what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet; all Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped him as a liberator, a savior, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver, — the most famous statesman and the greatest poets of his day had applauded him and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says: "It is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behavior to them; and now it behooves us not to forget that there

are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean. Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature! pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief, — boots it to you now that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart; in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity; in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy; in spite of the

tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly, — the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making as it has been described in various languages and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls "his little language" in his journal to Stella. He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses, — as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning, — it is the 14th of December, 1710, — "stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! 'Here I am,' says he, 'and what say you to Stella this morning, fresh and fasting?' And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?" he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then; the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure

and tender bosom! A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone, — of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, — with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching. In contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos, his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry; and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

"When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigor and delight performed.
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed;
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best pattern of true friends! beware
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;

For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed."

One little triumph Stella had in her life, one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favor, for which I confess, for my part, I cannot help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her; that — that young woman, who lived five doors from Doctor Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him and made love to him in such an outrageous manner. Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her. He kept Bolingbroke's and Pope's and Harley's and Peterborough's. But Stella "very carefully," the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course; that is the way of the world. And so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury Street, where he has the first-floor, a dining-room and bedchamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI. he says "he has visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's: "What do you mean 'that boards near me, that I dine with now and then'? What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the

Doctor has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh; then that he has been to "his neighbor;" then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbor! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen, and scented Vanessa in the air. The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The "little language" is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, does not *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him. She adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something godlike, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet. As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Doctor Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlor. He likes to be admired and adored. *Il y prend goût.* He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit and beauty and wit, and a fortune too; he sees her every day. He does not tell Stella about the business, until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the Doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardor and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them, — that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle,

pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her; she died of that passion.

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, "That does not surprise me," said Mrs. Stella, "for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." A woman, a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Doctor Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand the words, *"Only a woman's hair,"*— an instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics? Do those words indicate indifference, or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? "Only a woman's hair!" Only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion; only that lock of hair left, and memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch shuddering over the grave of his victim!

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place.

People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there. He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven-score years. He was always alone, alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention, — none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

LECTURE THE SECOND

CONGREVE AND ADDISON

A great number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club called the "Union;" and I remember that there was a tradition amongst the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Opposition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished himself there he ran some chance of being returned to Parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's, or Thomson of Trinity, would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings, with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket. Indeed, the legend said that one or two young Cambridge men, orators of the "Union," were actually caught up thence, and carried down to Cornwall or Old Sarum, and so into Parliament; and many a young fellow deserted the jogtrot university curriculum, to hang on in the dust behind the fervid wheels of the parliamentary chariot.

Where, I have often wondered, were the sons of Peers and Members of Parliament in Anne's and George's time? Were they all in the army, or hunting in the country, or

boxing the watch? How was it that the young gentlemen from the University got such a prodigious number of places? A lad composed a neat copy of verses at Christchurch or Trinity, in which the death of a great personage was bemoaned, the French king assailed, the Dutch or Prince Eugene complimented, or the reverse; and the party in power was presently to provide for the young poet; and a commissionership, or a post in the Stamps, or the secretaryship of an Embassy, or a clerkship in the Treasury, came into the bard's possession. A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's. What have men of letters got in *our* time? Think, not only of Swift, — a king fit to rule in any time or empire, — but Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, John Gay, John Dennis, and many others, who got public employment and pretty little pickings out of the public purse. The wits of whose names we shall treat in this lecture and two following, all (save one) touched the King's coin, and had at some period of their lives a happy quarter-day coming round for them.

They all began at school or college in the regular way, producing panegyrics upon public characters, what were called odes upon public events, battles, sieges, court marriages and deaths, in which the gods of Olympus and the tragic muse were fatigued with invocations, according to the fashion of the time in France and in England. "Aid us, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo!" cried Addison or Congreve, singing of William or Marlborough. "Accourez, chastes nymphes du Parnasse!" says Boileau, celebrating the Grand Monarch: "Des sons que ma lyre enfante marquez-en bien la cadence; et vous, vents, faites silence! je vais parler

de Louis!" Schoolboys' themes and foundation exercises are the only relics left now of this scholastic fashion. The Olympians remain quite undisturbed in their mountain. What man of note, what contributor to the poetry of a country newspaper, would now think of writing a congratulatory ode on the birth of the heir to a dukedom, or the marriage of a nobleman? In the past century the young gentlemen of the Universities all exercised themselves at these queer compositions; and some got fame, and some gained patrons and places for life, and many more took nothing by these efforts of what they were pleased to call their muses.

William Congreve's Pindaric Odes are still to be found in "Johnson's Poets," that now unfrequented poets' corner in which so many forgotten bigwigs have a niche; but though he was also voted to be one of the greatest tragic poets of any day, it was Congreve's wit and humor which first recommended him to courtly fortune. And it is recorded that his first play, the "Old Bachelor," brought our author to the notice of that great patron of the English muses, Charles Montague Lord Halifax, — who, being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, instantly made him one of the Commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, bestowed on him soon after a place in the Pipe Office, and likewise a post in the Custom House of the value of £600.

A commissionership of hackney-coaches, a post in the Custom House, a place in the Pipe Office, — and all for writing a comedy! Does not it sound like a fable, that place in the Pipe Office? "Ah, l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables!" Men of letters there still be; but I

doubt whether any Pipe Offices are left. The public has smoked them long ago.

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society; so even the most secluded and refined ladies here present will have heard the phrase from their sons or brothers at school, and will permit me to call William Congreve, Esquire, the most eminent literary "swell" of his age. In my copy of "Johnson's Lives" Congreve's wig is the tallest, and put on with the jauntiest air of all the laurelled worthies. "I am the great Mr. Congreve," he seems to say, looking out from his voluminous curls. People called him the great Mr. Congreve. From the beginning of his career until the end everybody admired him. Having got his education in Ireland, at the same school and college with Swift, he came to live in the Middle Temple, London, where he luckily bestowed no attention to the law, but splendidly frequented the coffee-houses and theatres, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza, and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, and victorious from the first. Everybody acknowledged the young chieftain. The great Mr. Dryden declared that he was equal to Shakspere, and bequeathed to him his own undisputed poetical crown, and writes of him: "Mr. Congreve has done me the favor to review the Æneis and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults, which I have endeavored to correct."

The "excellent young man" was but three or four and twenty when the great Dryden thus spoke of him, — the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field-marshal

of letters, himself the marked man of all Europe, and the centre of a school of wits who daily gathered round his chair and tobacco-pipe at Will's. Pope dedicated his Iliad to him; Swift, Addison, Steele, all acknowledge Congreve's rank, and lavish compliments upon him. Voltaire went to wait upon him as on one of the Representatives of Literature; and the man who scarce praises any other living person, who flung abuse at Pope and Swift and Steele and Addison, — the Grub Street Timon, old John Dennis, — was hat in hand to Mr. Congreve, and said that when he retired from the stage, Comedy went with him.

Nor was he less victorious elsewhere. He was admired in the drawing-rooms as well as the coffee-houses; as much beloved in the side-box as on the stage. He loved and conquered and jilted the beautiful Bracegirdle, the heroine of all his plays, the favorite of all the town of her day; and the Duchess of Marlborough, Marlborough's daughter, had such an admiration of him, that when he died she had an ivory figure made to imitate him, and a large wax doll with gouty feet to be dressed just as the great Congreve's gouty feet were dressed in his great lifetime. He saved some money by his Pipe office and his Custom House office and his Hackney-Coach office, and nobly left it, not to Bracegirdle who wanted it, but to the Duchess of Marlborough who did not.

How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footman for having called his mistress a bad name; and in like manner, and with pretty little epithets, Jeremy Collier attacked that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time,

and called her what Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress. The servants of the theatre — Dryden, Congreve, and others — defended themselves with the same success and for the same cause which set Nell's lacquey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the Continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration, — a wild, dishevelled Laïs, with eyes bright with wit and wine; a saucy court favorite that sat at the King's knees and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot window had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell; she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be; and the men who lived with her and laughed with her took her pay and drank her wine, turned out when the Puritans hooted her to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint; Doubt is always crying Psha! and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those which I dare say most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at

Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, — a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, — a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve Muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly, yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!

Reading in these plays now is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean, — the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling, and retreating; the *cavalier seul* advancing upon those ladies, those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop; after which everybody bows, and the quaint rite is celebrated? Without the music we cannot understand that comic dance of the last century, — its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum, It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery,

symbolizing a Pagan doctrine; protesting (as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games; as Sallust and his friends and their mistresses protested, crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands) against the new, hard, ascetic, pleasure-hating doctrine whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among Heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as Masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife; in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying; in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know, and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard châlet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore); when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colors, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances

danger down; when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman, — don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show, the Pagan protest? Does not it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus: "There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your springtime. Look how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valor win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segreto per esser felice?* Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian!" As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song — hark! what is that chant coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim, the cheeks turn pale, the voice quavers, and the cup drops on the floor. Who is there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

Congreve's comic feast flares with lights; and round the table, emptying their flaming bowls of drink and exchanging the wildest jests and ribaldry, sit men and women, waited on by rascally valets and attendants as dissolute as their mistresses, — perhaps the very worst company in the world. There does not seem to be a pretence of morals. At the head of the table sits Mirabel or Belmour (dressed

in the French fashion, and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Frontin). Their calling is to be irresistible, and to conquer everywhere. Like the heroes of the chivalry story, whose long-winded loves and combats they were sending out of fashion, they are always splendid and triumphant, — overcome all dangers, vanquish all enemies, and win the beauty at the end. Fathers, husbands, usurers, are the foes these champions contend with. They are merciless in old age invariably, and an old man plays the part in the dramas which the wicked enchanter or the great blundering giant performs in the chivalry tales, who threatens and grumbles and resists, — a huge, stupid obstacle always overcome by the knight. It is an old man with a money-box: Sir Belmour, his son or nephew, spends his money and laughs at him. It is an old man with a young wife whom he locks up: Sir Mirabel robs him of his wife, trips up his gouty old heels, and leaves the old hunks. The old fool! what business has he to hoard his money, or to lock up blushing eighteen? Money is for youth, love is for youth: away with the old people! When Millamant is sixty, having of course divorced the first Lady Millamant and married his friend Doricourt's granddaughter out of the nursery, it will be his turn; and young Belmour will make a fool of him. All this pretty morality you have in the comedies of William Congreve, Esquire. They are full of wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humor; but, ah; it is a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it, and lonely blank headaches in the morning.

I cannot pretend to quote scenes from the splendid

Congreve's plays — which are undeniably bright, witty, and daring — any more than I could ask you to hear the dialogue of a witty bargeman and a brilliant fishwoman exchanging compliments at Billingsgate; but some of his verses — they were amongst the most famous lyrics of the time, and pronounced equal to Horace by his contemporaries — may give an idea of his power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm. He writes as if he was so accustomed to conquer, that he has a poor opinion of his victims. Nothing is new except their faces, says he; "every woman is the same." He says this in his first comedy, which he wrote languidly in illness, when he was an "excellent young man." Richelieu at eighty could have hardly said a more excellent thing.

When he advances to make one of his conquests, it is with a splendid gallantry, in full uniform and with the fiddles playing, like Grammont's French dandies attacking the breach of Lerida.

"Cease, cease to ask her name," he writes of a young lady at the Wells at Tunbridge, whom he salutes with a magnificent compliment, —

> "Cease, cease to ask her name,
> The crownèd Muse's noblest theme,
> Whose glory by immortal fame
> Shall only sounded be.
> But if you long to know,
> Then look round yonder dazzling row:
> Who most does like an angel show
> You may be sure 't is she."

Here are lines about another beauty, who perhaps was

not so well pleased at the poet's manner of celebrating her:—

"When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart which durst so high aspire
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.

"But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke!
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound."

Amoret is a cleverer woman than the lovely Lesbia; but the poet does not seem to respect one much more than the other, and describes both with exquisite satirical humor:—

"Fair Amoret is gone astray:
Pursue and seek her, every lover!
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

"Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

"With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

"She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises."

What could Amoret have done to bring down such shafts of ridicule upon her? Could she have resisted the

irresistible Mr. Congreve? Could anybody? Could Sabina, when she woke and heard such a bard singing under her window? "See," he writes, —

"See! see, she wakes! Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise.
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.
With light united, day they give;
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!"

Are you melted? Do not you think him a divine man? If not touched by the brilliant Sabina, hear the devout Selinda:—

"Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favor;
And yet the tender fool's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her!
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!"

What a conquering air there is about these! What an irresistible Mr. Congreve it is! Sinner! of course he will be a sinner, the delightful rascal! Win her! of course he will win her, the victorious rogue! He knows he will: he must, with such a grace, with such a fashion, with such a splendid embroidered suit! You see him with red-heeled shoes deliciously turned out, passing a fair jewelled hand through his dishevelled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet. And Sabina? What a

comparison that is between the nymph and the sun! The sun gives Sabina the *pas,* and does not venture to rise before her ladyship. The morn's *bright beams* are less glorious than her *fair eyes;* but before night everybody will be frozen by her glances, — everybody but one lucky rogue who shall be nameless. Louis Quatorze in all his glory is hardly more splendid than our Phœbus Apollo of the Mall and Spring Garden.

When Voltaire came to visit the great Congreve, the latter rather affected to despise his literary reputation, — and in this, perhaps, the great Congreve was not far wrong. A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible. But the ladies loved him, and he was undoubtedly a pretty fellow.

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no morals at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humor that flows from quite a different heart and spirit, — a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had; and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honored name.

From reading over his writings and the biographies which we have of him, amongst which the famous article

in the " Edinburgh Review " may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvellous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own, — looking at that calm, fair face and clear countenance, those chiselled features pure and cold, I cannot but fancy that this great man (in this respect, like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture) was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they do not herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary. They are in the world, but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes, pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial; his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance; his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, — how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He did not praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have. How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance,

greeted almost every literary beginner, — every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him, — each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and ribbon into discredit. Everybody had his majesty's orders; everybody had his majesty's cheap portrait on a box surrounded by diamonds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman; Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night; Addison praises Don Saltero; Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius. But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty. I do not think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much. I do not think he abused him; but when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I do not think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the Church. His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called " a parson in a tye-wig " in London afterwards, at a time when tye-wigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of

Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes" is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honor of King William, — by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyæus. Many more works are in the Collection, including one on the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he travelled in Italy. His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid; and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great Boileau, upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation), — hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison, of Oxford, proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hertford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace, and his Lordship his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hertford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them.

The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw, — at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm. He could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have committed many faults for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat rapt and charmed to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his government pension and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy; and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus overnight. He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends. He writes to Wyche, of Hamburg, gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honor to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in

excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore a tye-wig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine, — why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.

At thirty-three years of age, this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of Travels had failed; his "Dialogues on Medals" had had no particular success; his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Virgil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a government place; and Addison was living up two shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him. A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:—

"But, O my Muse! what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victors' shouts, and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,

And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'T was then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals, — *vice* Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh? You think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the "Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire, and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some

of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:—

> "Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway,
> Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
> Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
> That in the Pagan Gods his lineage ends,
> Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
> The great supporter of his father's throne.
> What tides of glory to his bosom ran
> Clasped in th' embraces of the godlike man!
> How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
> To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt!
> Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
> So turned and finished for the camp or court!"

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The "Campaign" has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points, like all campaigns.

In the year 1713 "Cato" came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem, — laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all, save from John Dennis in a minority of one. Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him Divus; it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland; he was appointed Secretary of State in 1717; and

letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest Lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales and birds'-nests, which he has found at Fulham for his Lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her Ladyship in 1716, and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of "Cato" and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about hanging and ruthless, a literary Jeffreys, in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried; only peccadilloes and small sins against society; only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side-box; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little

for her husband and children. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gayly as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's "Tatler" first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old, full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet, — a few Latin poems, graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the "Tatler" Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *could not* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing, — he was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life; whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity

enough to melt and to languish and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop, higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops or the breadth of their laces as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window, at the Garter in Saint James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen, and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute club-men of his day; he passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, — which, alas! is past praying for, — it must be owned, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he did not write about. I take it there would not have been much humor in that story.

He likes to go on and sit in the smoking-room at the

Grecian or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall, to mingle in that great club of the world, — sitting alone in it somehow, having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it, having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise). And so he looks on the world, and plays with the ceaseless humors of all of us; laughs the kindest laugh; points our neighbor's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured smiling confidence, and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbor. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *à propos de bottes,* and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator; if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden; if he were wiser than he is; if he had not his humor to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver, — of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as for his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity, we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety, — such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines

but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders, — this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture, a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration, than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him! From your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to

heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, — good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable, — a life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

LECTURE THE THIRD

STEELE

What do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? Is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behavior, the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure him in your eyes or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you do not know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough: I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part. The shrewdest of observers, and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age, he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity; he speaks of Walpole as a

contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's Life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which I believe influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side, — the winning side. I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History: "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne! I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse. For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers: Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric on a hero: I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character; I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced, and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read, except those perhaps of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences; these

have no motive for concealment or half-truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Doctor Smollett, or a volume of the "Spectator," and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time, — of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society; the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?"

As we read in these delightful volumes of the "Tatler" and "Spectator" the past age returns, — the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London; the churches are crowded with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the Drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble the friend of the family to see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my Lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravansaries on the road; Boniface receives her

under the creaking sign of the Bell or the Ram, and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the courtyard, where the Exeter Fly is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man — having hung up his master's half-pike — is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and hostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling gray mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half-an-hour before the Fly sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the Exeter Fly comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a gray mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. . . . It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days, and see the tide of humankind pass by. We arrive at places now, but we travel no more. Addison talks jocularly of a difference of manner and costume being quite perceivable at Staines, where there

passed a young fellow "with a very tolerable periwig," though, to be sure, his hat was out of fashion, and had a Ramillies cock. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travellers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*), and have seen my friend with the gray mare and the black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him as he passed—without his black mask, and with a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff — in a carriage without springs and a clergyman jolting beside him, to a spot close by Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century — in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began, — the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back, people crowded to see that last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and a white cap crowned with a crimson or black ribbon for his exit; to mount the cart cheerfully, shake hands with the hangman, and so — farewell. Gay wrote the most delightful ballads, and made merry over the same hero. Contrast these with the writings of our present humorists! Compare those morals and ours, those manners and ours!

We cannot tell — you would not bear to be told — the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You

could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes, of the men of pleasure of that age. We have our fine gentlemen and our "fast men;" permit me to give you an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days, whose biography has been preserved to us by the law reporters.

In 1691, when Steele was a boy at school, my Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder of William Mountford, comedian. In "Howell's State Trials," the reader will find not only an edifying account of this exceedingly fast nobleman, but of the times and manners of those days. My Lord's friend, a Captain Hill, smitten with the charms of the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and anxious to marry her at all hazards, determined to carry her off, and for this purpose hired a hackney-coach with six horses and a half-dozen of soldiers to aid him in the storm. The coach with a pair of horses (the four leaders being in waiting elsewhere) took its station opposite my Lord Craven's house in Drury Lane, by which door Mrs. Bracegirdle was to pass on her way from the theatre. As she passed in company of her mamma and a friend, Mr. Page, the Captain seized her by the hand, the soldiers hustled Mr. Page and attacked him sword in hand, and Captain Hill and his noble friend endeavored to force Madam Bracegirdle into the coach. Mr. Page called for help; the population of Drury Lane rose. It was impossible to effect the capture; and bidding the soldiers go about

their business and the coach to drive off, Hill let go of his prey, sulkily, and he waited for other opportunities of revenge. The man of whom he was most jealous was Will Mountford, the comedian. Will removed, he thought Mrs. Bracegirdle might be his; and accordingly the Captain and his Lordship lay that night in wait for Will, and as he was coming out of a house in Norfolk street, while Mohun engaged him in talk, Hill, in the words of the Attorney-General, made a pass and ran him clean through the body.

Sixty-one of my Lord's peers finding him not guilty of murder, while but fourteen found him guilty, this very fast nobleman was discharged, and made his appearance seven years after in another trial for murder; when he, my Lord Warwick, and three gentlemen of the military profession, were concerned in the fight which ended in the death of Captain Coote.

This jolly company were drinking together in Lockit's at Charing Cross, when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French, whom my Lord Mohun and my Lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland endeavored to pacify. My Lord Warwick was a dear friend of Captain Coote, lent him a hundred pounds to buy his commission in the Guards. Once when the Captain was arrested for £13 by his tailor, my Lord lent him five guineas, often paid his reckoning for him, and showed him other offices of friendship. On this evening, the disputants, French and Coote, being separated whilst they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of Lockit's. The row began afresh. Coote lunged at French over the bar; and at last all six called for chairs,

and went to Leicester Fields, where they fell to. Their Lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. My Lord of Warwick was severely wounded in the hand; Mr. French also was stabbed; but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds, — one especially, "a wound in the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma," which did for Captain Coote. Hence the trials of my Lords Warwick and Mohun; hence the assemblage of peers, the report of the transaction in which these defunct fast men still live for the observation of the curious. My Lord of Warwick is brought to the bar by the Deputy-Governor of the Tower of London, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman jailer, who stood with it at the bar at the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him — the prisoner, at his approach, making three bows, one to his Grace the Lord High Steward, the other to the peers on each hand; and his Grace and the peers return the salute. And besides these great personages, august in periwigs and nodding to the right and left, a host of the small come up out of the past and pass before us, — the jolly captains brawling in the tavern, and laughing and cursing over their cups; the drawer that serves, the bar-girl that waits, the bailiff on the prowl, the chairmen trudging through the black, lampless streets, and smoking their pipes by the railings, whilst swords are clashing in the garden within. "Help there! a gentleman is hurt!" The chairmen put up their pipes, and help the gentleman over the railings, and carry him, ghastly and bleeding, to the Bagnio in Long Acre, where they knock up the surgeon, a pretty tall gentleman; but that wound under the short ribs has done for him.

Surgeon, lords, captains, bailiffs, chairmen, and gentleman jailer with your axe, where be you now? The gentleman axeman's head is off his own shoulders; the lords and judges can wag theirs no longer; the bailiff's writs have ceased to run; the honest chairmen's pipes are put out, and with their brawny calves they have walked away into Hades. All is irrecoverably done for as Will Mountford or Captain Coote. The subject of our night's lecture saw all these people, rode in Captain Coote's company of the Guards very probably, wrote and sighed for Bracegirdle, went home tipsy in many a chair, after many a bottle, in many a tavern, and fled from many a bailiff.

In 1709, when the publication of the "Tatler" began, our great-great-grandfathers must have seized upon that new and delightful paper with much such eagerness as lovers of light literature in a later day exhibited when the Waverley novels appeared, upon which the public rushed, — forsaking that feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself, with her dreary castles and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly. I have looked over many of the comic books with which our ancestors amused themselves, — from the novels of Swift's coadjutrix, Mrs. Manley, the delectable author of the "New Atlantis," to the facetious productions of Tom Durfey and Tom Brown and Ned Ward, writer of the "London Spy," and several other volumes of ribaldry. The slang of the taverns and ordinaries, the wit of the bagnios, form the strongest part of the farrago of which these libels are composed. In the

excellent newspaper collection at the British Museum you may see, besides the "Craftsmen" and "Postboy," specimens — and queer specimens they are — of the higher literature of Queen Anne's time. Here is an abstract from a notable journal bearing date Wednesday, October 13, 1708, and entitled "The British Apollo; Or, Curious Amusements for the Ingenious, by a Society of Gentlemen." The "British Apollo" invited and professed to answer questions upon all subjects of wit, morality, science, and even religion; and two out of its four pages are filled with queries and replies much like some of the oracular penny prints of the present time.

One of the first querists, referring to the passage that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, argues that polygamy is justifiable in the laity. The Society of Gentlemen conducting the "British Apollo" are posed by this casuist, and promise to give him an answer. Celinda then wishes to know from "the gentlemen," concerning the souls of the dead, whether they shall have the satisfaction to know those whom they most valued in this transitory life. The gentlemen of the "Apollo" give but cold comfort to poor Celinda. They are inclined to think not; for, say they, since every inhabitant of those regions will be infinitely dearer than here are our nearest relatives, what have we to do with a partial friendship in that happy place? Poor Celinda! it may have been a child or a lover whom she had lost and was pining after, when the oracle of "British Apollo" gave her this dismal answer. She has solved the question for herself by this time, and knows quite as well as the Society of Gentlemen.

From theology we come to physics, and Q. asks, "Why does hot water freeze sooner than cold?" Apollo replies: "Hot water cannot be said to freeze sooner than cold; but water once heated and cold may be subject to freeze by the evaporation of the spirituous parts of the water, which renders it less able to withstand the power of frosty weather."

The next query is rather a delicate one. "You, Mr. Apollo, who are said to be the God of Wisdom, pray give us the reason why kissing is so much in fashion, what benefit one receives by it, and who was the inventor, and you will oblige Corinna." To this queer demand the lips of Phœbus, smiling, answer: "Pretty, innocent Corinna! Apollo owns that he was a little surprised by your kissing question, particularly at that part of it where you desire to know the benefit you receive by it. Ah, madam! had you a lover, you would not come to Apollo for a solution, since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, it is certain Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship."

After a column more of questions, follow nearly two pages of poems, signed by Philander, Ardelia, and the like, and chiefly on the tender passion; and the paper winds up with a letter from Leghorn, an account of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene before Lille, and proposals for publishing two sheets on the present state of Ethiopia, by Mr. Hill, — all of which is printed for the authors by J. Mayo, at the Printing Press against Walter Lane in Fleet Street. What a change it must have been — how Apollo's oracles must

have been struck dumb — when the "Tatler" appeared, and scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak!

Shortly before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English Court manners and English servitude in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield; to which foundation he had been appointed by James Duke of Ormond, a governor of the House, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earliest recollections of a life which was destined to be checkered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. One hundred and fifty years after I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing and in occasional use in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School, and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this

boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary or rather promissory engagements with the neighboring lollipop venders and piemen; exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, — the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered the Life Guards; the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts; the father of Mr. Steele the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the "Gazette," the "Tatler," and "Spectator," the expelled Member of Parliament, and the author of the "Tender Husband" and the "Conscious Lovers," — if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto,* "I beat," *tuptomai,* "I am whipped," in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honor to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and,

his own masterpiece achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency, — the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood; we all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises; Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages; fagged for him, and blacked his shoes. To be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.

Steele found Addison a stately college Don at Oxford, and himself did not make much figure at this place. He wrote a comedy, which by the advice of a friend the humble fellow burned there, and some verses, which I dare say are as sublime as other gentlemen's compositions at that age; but being smitten with a sudden love for military glory, he threw up the cap and gown for the saddle and bridle, and rode privately in the Horse Guards, in the Duke of Ormond's troop (the second) and probably with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, — "all

mounted on black horses with white feathers in their hats, and scarlet coats richly laced," — marched by King William in Hyde Park in November, 1699, and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people and above a thousand coaches. "The Guards had just got their new clothes," the London "Post" said; "they are extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finest body of horse in the world." But Steele could hardly have seen any actual service. He who wrote about himself, his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank, would have told us of his battles if he had seen any. His old patron, Ormond, probably got him his cornetcy in the Guards, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, whose secretary he was, and to whom he dedicated his work called the "Christian Hero." As poor Dick, whilst writing this ardent devotional work, was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town, it is related that all the officers of Lucas's and the gentlemen of the Guards laughed at Dick; and in truth a theologian in liquor is not a respectable object, and a hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor. Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent; but as soon as crying had made him thirsty, he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the "Tatler" in which he records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, "the same as is to be sold at

Garraway's next week," — upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, "drinking two bottles apiece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning."

His life was so. Jack the drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the Rose, or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the Rose to the jolly fellows.

While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant Captain of Lucas's with his hat cocked, and his lace (and his face too) a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of schooldays, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my Lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked over-night at the Devil, or the Garter! Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold gray eyes following Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall to dine with the Guard at Saint James's, before he turns, with his sober pace and threadbare suit, to

walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs? Steele's name was down for promotion (Dick always said himself) in the glorious, pious, and immortal William's last table-book. Jonathan Swift's name had been written there by the same hand, too.

Our worthy friend, the author of the "Christian Hero," continued to make no small figure about town by the use of his wits. He was appointed Gazetteer; he wrote, in 1703, "The Tender Husband," his second play, in which there is some delightful farcical writing, and of which he fondly owned in after life, and when Addison was no more, that there were "many applauded strokes" from Addison's beloved hand. Is it not a pleasant partnership to remember? Cannot one fancy Steele, full of spirits and youth, leaving his gay company to go to Addison's lodging, where his friend sits in the shabby sitting-room, quite serene and cheerful and poor? In 1704 Steele came on the town with another comedy; and behold it was so moral and religious, as poor Dick insisted (so dull the town thought), that the "Lying Lover" was damned.

Addison's hour of success now came, and he was able to help our friend the "Christian Hero" in such a way, that, if there had been any chance of keeping that poor tipsy champion upon his legs, his fortune was safe and his competence assured. Steele procured the place of Commissioner of Stamps. He wrote so richly, so gracefully often, so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a gush of good spirits and good humor, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure.

After the "Tatler" in 1711, the famous "Spectator" made its appearance; and this was followed, at various intervals, by many periodicals under the same editor, — the "Guardian;" the "Englishman;" the "Lover," whose love was rather insipid; the "Reader," of whom the public saw no more after his second appearance; the "Theatre," under the pseudonym of Sir John Edgar, which Steele wrote while governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, to which post, and to that of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and to the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and to the honor of knighthood, Steele had been preferred soon after the accession of George I., — whose cause honest Dick had nobly fought, through disgrace and danger, against the most formidable enemies, against traitors and bullies, against Bolingbroke and Swift, in the last reign. With the arrival of the King that splendid conspiracy broke up, and a golden opportunity came to Dick Steele, whose hand, alas! was too careless to gripe it.

Steele married twice, and outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health, and almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased to trouble him in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries, in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property.

Posterity has been kinder to this amiable creature. All women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, who alludes to the low estimation in which women were held in Elizabeth's time as a reason why the women of

Shakspere make so small a figure in the poet's dialogues, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall after a certain time before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's entitled "Advice to a very Young Married Lady," which shows the Dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that if he despised man he utterly scorned women too. No lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit or Dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. In this performance Swift hardly takes pains to hide his opinion that a woman is a fool; tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment, and informs her, that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue." Addison laughs at women equally, but with the gentleness and politeness of his nature smiles at them and watches them as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty. In his comedies the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty with an ardor and strength which should win the good-will of all women to their hearty and

respectful champion. It is this ardor, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form, than my wife." His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders, and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature.

We possess of poor Steele's wild and checkered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography. Most men's letters, from Cicero down to Walpole, or down to the great men of our time if you will, are doctored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious towards posterity. That dedication of Steele's to his wife is an artificial per-

formance, possibly; at least, it is written with that degree of artifice which an orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some four hundred letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations, of the pair; they have all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where he is waiting for the proof-sheets of his "Gazette" or his "Tatler"; some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife "within a pint of wine," and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend or a money-lender; some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue; some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning; some, alas! are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow's career in these letters. In September, 1707, from which day she began to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady, his respectful proposals to her mamma, his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment when, immediately after his

marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, "the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Berry Street," and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses; he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black-buckled periwig that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes (left to him by his first wife), his income as a writer of the "Gazette," and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, "the beautifullest object in the world" as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper and lighted Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago, — he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some

in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic Captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late Captain in Lucas's should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! that the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting (the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day) that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn Street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury Street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who was not in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was very glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he could not pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house in Bloomsbury Square, — where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in Saint James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. " I fared like a distressed prince,"

the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the "Tatler," — "I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary: when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good-humor. One narrated by Doctor Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time, and our poor friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

"My father," says Doctor John Hoadly, the Bishop's son, "when Bishop of Bangor, was by invitation present at one of the Whig meetings held at the Trumpet, in Shoe Lane, when Sir Richard in his zeal rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, — as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and, John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory,* and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him: 'Do laugh! It is humanity to laugh.' Sir Richard in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed."

There is another amusing story, which I believe that renowned collector Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and before it was opened to his friends and guests was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his Honor; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and after a moment the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we've never seen the color of your Honor's money. We will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion, with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging-houses, and with the fre-

quenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a box full of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote, and, full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good-humor. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakspere affectionately, and more than any man of his time and according to his generous expansive nature called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise: he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity. Permit me to read to you a passage from each writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humor; the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most trifling and the most solemn, the humorist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift, in which he hints at his philosophy and describes the end of mankind: —

> "Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
> The world stood trembling at Jove's throne.
> While each pale sinner hung his head,

Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:
'Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never erred through pride;
You who in different sects were shammed,
And come to see each other damned
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you), —
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent your freaks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit;
I damn such fools — go, go, you're bit!'"

Addison speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice, says, in his famous paper on Westminster Abbey ("Spectator," No. 26):—

"For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow."

I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the "vanity of grieving."

"When," he goes on, "when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, — I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little com-

petitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And when I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Our third humorist comes to speak upon the same subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humor of each writer, the subject and the contrast, the fact of Death, and the play of individual thought by which each comments on it; and now hear the third writer, — death, sorrow, and the grave being for the moment also his theme.

"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," Steele says in the "Tatler," "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age, but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more; for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit; and there was a dignity in her grief, amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

Can there be three more characteristic moods of minds and men? "Fools, do you know anything of

this mystery?" says Swift, stamping on a grave, and carrying his scorn for mankind actually beyond it. "Miserable, purblind wretches! how dare you to pretend to comprehend the Inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven?" Addison, in a much kinder language and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment, and speaks of the rivalry of wits and the contests of holy men with the same sceptic placidity. "Look what a little vain dust we are," he says, smiling over the tombstones; and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenward, he speaks, in words of inspiration almost, of "the Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The third, whose theme is Death, too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand and confidingly asks your sympathy. "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says; "how tender little children! Let us love these and one another, brother; God knows we have need of love and pardon."

So it is each man looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned;

the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage, — the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits or the deepest of thinkers; but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an *A,* because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.

The misfortune regarding Steele is that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hearsay, and certainly cannot make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time, — on the contrary, a far better, truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff; or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it, mamma would scarcely be more shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of bygone times as an excuse for my favorite Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate, than his neighbors.

There exists a curious document descriptive of the

manners of the last age, which describes most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking, — the time of Swift and Addison and Steele.

When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levée. His Lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to his meal, like the Barmecide's, and see the fops of the last century before us. Seven of them sat down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet who told them they kept Court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant Colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale, besides a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which occasioned some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, "Tom Neverout, my service to you!"

After the first course came almond-pudding and fritters, which the Colonel took with his hands out of the dish

in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable; chickens, black puddings, and soup; and Lady Smart, the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook and dressed for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during this second course; and when the Colonel called for beer, he called the butler "Friend," and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlefolks to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my Lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her Ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way not to stay to get up again; and when the gentlemen asked the hall porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly waggishness, "She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

After the puddings sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pasty, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentlemen always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively that the Derby-

shire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart, — on which Miss remarked that she loved Tom "like pie." After the goose, some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy, "which was very good for the wholesomes," Sir John said; and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth; but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, "No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your Honor's claret is good enough for me." And so, the dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving! bring us up a ha'porth of cheese."

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea. When they withdrew, the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour. Fresh bottles were brought; the "dead men," meaning the empty bottles, removed; and "D'you hear, John! bring clean glasses," my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Alwit said, "I'll keep my glass; for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in."

After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and then they all sat and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed.

Such were manners six or seven score years ago. I draw no inference from this queer picture, — let all moralists here present deduce their own. Fancy the

moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman and carved a sirloin, and provided, besides, a great shoulder of veal, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings, and a ham for a dinner for eight Christians! What — what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond-pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a Colonel in the Guards putting his hand into a dish of *beignets d'abricot* and helping his neighbor, a young lady *du monde!* Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, "Hang expense! bring us a ha'porth of cheese!" Such were the ladies of Saint James's; such were the frequenters of White's Chocolate House when Swift used to visit it, and Steele described it as the centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment a hundred and forty years ago!

Dennis, who ran amuck at the literary society of his day, falls foul of poor Steele, and thus depicts him: —

"Sir John Edgar, of the county of —— in Ireland, is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney, a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a face and such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told that he was ugly than he was by any reflection made upon his honor or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honorable family, — certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Heralds' Office, or any human testimony; for God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on

his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and, above all, his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue."

Although this portrait is the work of a man who was neither the friend of Steele nor of any other man alive, yet there is a dreadful resemblance to the original in the savage and exaggerated traits of the caricature; and everybody who knows him must recognize Dick Steele. Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means; and as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions towards his friends, the most tender gallantry towards his wife, and with this only drawback that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when quarter-day came, so in his life he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his own and the national religion. But when he had to pay for these articles, so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain, poor Dick's money was not forthcoming; and when Virtue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy over-night; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern, or had some particular business (of somebody's else) at the ordinary, or he was in hiding, or, worse than in hiding, in the lock-up house. What a situation for a man, for a philanthropist, for a lover of right and truth, for a magnificent designer and schemer, — not to dare to look in the face

the religion which he adored, and which he had offended; to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who had trusted him; to have the house which he had intended for his wife whom he loved passionately, and for her Ladyship's company which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man, with a crowd of little creditors — grocers, butchers, and small-coal men — lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him! Alas for poor Dick Steele! For nobody else, of course. There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When Duty calls upon *us,* we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When *we* are stricken with remorse and promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry or idle or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps or knocking at our door! Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.

LECTURE THE FOURTH

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE

Matthew Prior was one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne, whose name it behooves us not to pass over. Mat was a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen. He loved, he drank, he sang. He describes himself, in one of his lyrics, "in a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night; on his left hand his Horace, and a friend on his right," going out of town from The Hague to pass that evening and the ensuing Sunday boozing at a Spielhaus with his companions, perhaps bobbing for perch in a Dutch canal, and noting down, in a strain and with a grace not unworthy of his Epicurean master, the charms of his idleness, his retreat, and his Batavian Chloe. A vintner's son in Whitehall, and a distinguished pupil of Busby of the Rod, Prior attracted some notice by writing verses at Saint John's College, Cambridge, and coming up to town aided Montague in an attack on the noble old English lion John Dryden, in ridicule of whose work, "The Hind and the Panther," he brought out that remarkable and famous burlesque, "The Town and Country Mouse." Are not you all acquainted with it? Have you not all got it by heart? What! have you never heard of it? See what fame is made of! The wonderful part of the satire was, that, as a natural consequence of "The Town and Country Mouse," Matthew

Prior was made Secretary of Embassy at The Hague. I believe it is dancing rather than singing which distinguishes the young English diplomatists of the present day, and have seen them in various parts perform that part of their duty very finely. In Prior's time it appears a different accomplishment led to preferment. Could you write a copy of Alcaics? That was the question. Could you turn out a neat epigram or two? Could you compose "The Town and Country Mouse"? It is manifest that by the possession of this faculty the most difficult treaties, the laws of foreign nations, and the interests of our own are easily understood. Prior rose in the diplomatic service, and said good things that proved his sense and his spirit. When the apartments at Versailles were shown to him, with the victories of Louis XIV. painted on the walls, and Prior was asked whether the palace of the King of England had any such decorations, "The monuments of my master's actions," Mat said, of William, whom he cordially revered, "are to be seen everywhere except in his own house." Bravo, Mat! Prior rose to be full ambassador at Paris, where he somehow was cheated out of his ambassadorial plate; and in a heroic poem, addressed by him to her late lamented Majesty, Queen Anne, Mat makes some magnificent allusions to these dishes and spoons, of which Fate had deprived him. All that he wants, he says, is her Majesty's picture; without that, he cannot be happy.

"Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore:
Thee, Queen of Peace, if Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer and a nobler strain

May future bards the mighty theme rehearse.
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend."

With that word the poem stops abruptly. The votive tablet is suspended forever, like Mahomet's coffin. News came that the Queen was dead. Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse, were left there, hovering to this day over the votive tablet. The picture was never got, any more than the spoons and dishes; the inspiration ceased, the verses were not wanted — the ambassador was not wanted. Poor Mat was recalled from his embassy, suffered disgrace along with his patrons, lived under a sort of cloud ever after, and disappeared in Essex. When deprived of all his pensions and emoluments, the hearty and generous Oxford pensioned him. They played for gallant stakes, the bold men of those days, and lived and gave splendidly.

Johnson quotes from Spence a legend that Prior, after spending an evening with Harley, Saint John, Pope, and Swift, would go off and smoke a pipe with a couple of friends of his, a soldier and his wife, in Long Acre. Those who have not read his late Excellency's poems should be warned that they smack not a little of the conversation of his Long Acre friends. Johnson speaks slightingly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind; and his song and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delight-

ful and accomplished master. In reading his works one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm. In his verses addressed to Halifax, he says, writing of that endless theme to poets, the vanity of human wishes, —

"So whilst in fevered dreams we sink,
And waking, taste what we desire,
The real draught but feeds the fire,
The dream is better than the drink.

"Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;
To stand aloof and view the flight
Is all the pleasure of the game."

Would not you fancy that a poet of our own days was singing; and in the verses of Chloe weeping and reproaching him for his inconstancy, where he says, —

"The God of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
How, after his journeys, he sets up his rest.
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

"So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home!

"Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me."

If Prior read Horace, did not Thomas Moore study Prior? Love and pleasure find singers in all days.

Roses are always blowing and fading, — to-day as in that pretty time when Prior sang of them, and of Chloe lamenting their decay: —

"She sighed, she smiled, and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
'See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made!

"'Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"'At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung:
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

"'Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas, may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.'"

Damon's knell was rung in 1721. May his turf lie lightly on him! "Deus sit propitius huic potatori," as Walter de Mapes sang. Perhaps Samuel Johnson, who spoke slightingly of Prior's verses, enjoyed them more than he was willing to own. The old moralist had studied them as well as Mr. Thomas Moore, and defended them and showed that he remembered them, very well too, on an occasion when their morality was called in question by that noted puritan, James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck.

In the great society of the wits, John Gay deserved to be a favorite, and to have a good place. In his set

all were fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for Court favor, and hoped to win it; but the Court favor jilted him. Craggs gave him some South Sea stock, and at one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune; but Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too. And so his friends, instead of being angry with him and jealous of him, were kind and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor nightcap (the full dress and *négligé* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee, an artless sweet humor. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woebegone at others, such a natural good creature, that the Giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him, as the enormous Brobdingnag maids of honor were with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope, and sport and bark and caper, without offending the most thin-skinned of poets and men; and when he was jilted in that little Court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry (the "Kitty, beautiful and young," of Prior) pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the Court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind, gentle *protégé*. With these kind, lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who harbored Don Quixote and loved

the dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken and his saucer of cream, and frisked and barked and wheezed and grew fat, and so ended. He became very melancholy and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of Saint Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak, every word the Dean says to his favorite is natural, trustworthy, and kindly. His admiration for Gay's parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. "I writ lately to Mr. Pope," Swift says, writing to Gay. "I wish you had a little villakin in his neighborhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." "If your ramble," says Swift, in another letter, "was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches, for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you.

I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half-a-crown a day." And then Swift goes off from Gay to pay some grand compliments to her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, in whose sunshine Mr. Gay was basking, and in whose radiance the Dean would have liked to warm himself too.

But we have Gay here before us, in these letters, — lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, I am afraid; forever eating and saying good things; a little, round, French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works; or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers. Mr. Gay's "Fables," which were written to benefit that amiable Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young Prince whose manners they were intended to mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the "Shepherd's Week," and the burlesque poem of "Trivia," any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture, — graceful, minikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty

little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks and waistcoats and bodices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbor of pea-green crockery, or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot. Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that of Philips (his rival and Pope's), a serious and dreary idyllic cockney: not that Gay's "Bumkinets" and "Hobnelias" are a whit more natural than the would-be serious characters of the other posture-master; but the quality of this true humorist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness; to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace and to sweet music, — as you may have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and Court ladies free and friendly with John Gay; which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him; which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him, and drove away for a moment or two the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain, as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless, ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini, "Qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix," may be said of Gay, and of one other humorist of whom we shall have to speak. In almost every ballad of his, however slight, in the "Beggar's Opera" and in its wearisome continuation (where the verses are to the full as pretty as in the first piece, however), there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you. It is indefinable, but it exists, and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people here are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear: —

"I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me. It overlooks a common hayfield, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labor of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighborhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a

terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the laborers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock; and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The laborers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair, — John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave."

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it, and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days, — my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, and married to Mr. Wortley Montagu, then his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

We are now come to the greatest name on our list, — the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humorists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the "Dunciad" be not a humorist, if the poet of the "Rape of the Lock" be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being one of the greatest literary *artists* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from

other works to adorn and complete his own, — borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk or contemplation of Nature. He began to imitate at an early age, and taught himself to write by copying printed books. Then he passed into the hands of the priests; and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first instructor. At twelve years old, he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. "And this was all the teaching I ever had," he said; "and God knows it extended a very little way."

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learned versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of "Alcander," he imitated every poet, — Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. "This I did," he says, "without any design except to amuse myself, and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life." Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy

story-book; the boy spelling Ariosto or Virgil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden, — peace and sunshine round about, the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder, and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, "You shall be great, you shall be famous; you too shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill formed. Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too;" and day by day he walks the forest, very likely looking out for that charmer. "They were the happiest days of his life," he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame; when he had gained that mistress she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M——, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardor in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love-compositions as he had been imitating love-poems just before; it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterwards, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it, — over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women, in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and amidst a profusion of compliments and politenesses a something which makes one distrust the little pert,

prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence, and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervor much more genuine than that of his love had been. It was a feeble, puny grimace of love, and paltering with passion. After Mr. Pope had sent off one of his fine compositions to Lady Mary, he made a second draft from the rough copy, and favored some other friend with it. He was so charmed with the letter of Gay's that I have just quoted, that he had copied that and amended it, and sent it to Lady Mary as his own. A gentleman who writes letters *à deux fins,* and, after having poured out his heart to the beloved, serves up the same dish *réchauffé* to a friend, is not very much in earnest about his loves, however much he may be in his piques and vanities when his impertinence gets its due.

But, save that unlucky part of the "Pope Correspondence," I do not know in the range of our literature volumes more delightful. You live in them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprêté,* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices, — pitched, as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key, — in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous and cheering and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts

in the world's story: you are with St. John the statesman; Peterborough the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindliest laughter. It is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any one of us here may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain *cachet* about great men; they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air; they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do; they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads these noble records of a past age salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library, and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters, — in books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly, — the great pleasure of life is that; note what the great men admired, — they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There never has been a society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for

liking the society of men great and famous; and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the "Patriot King," and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men; a mere nobleman of the Court could no more have won Barcelona than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope, which are as witty as Congreve; a mere Irish Dean could not have written "Gulliver." And all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope reverenced his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great, that when some one said of his friend, "There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake," — "Yes," Pope answered, "and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home, as a coach comes to one's door for visitors." So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club-table so faithful and so friendly.

We have said before that the chief wits of this time, with the exception of Congreve, were what we should now call men's men. They spent many hours of the four-and-twenty, a fourth part of each day nearly, in clubs and coffee-houses, where they dined, drank, and smoked. Wit and news went by word of mouth; a

journal of 1710 contained the very smallest portion of one or the other. The chiefs spoke, the faithful *habitués* sat round, strangers came to wonder and listen. Old Dryden had his headquarters at Will's, in Russell Street, at the corner of Bow Street, at which place Pope saw him when he was twelve years old. The company used to assemble on the first floor (what was called the dining-room floor in those days) and sat at various tables smoking their pipes. It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honor to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. When Addison began to reign, he with a certain crafty propriety — or policy let us call it — which belonged to his nature set up his court, and appointed the officers of his royal house. His palace was Button's, opposite Will's. A quiet opposition, a silent assertion of empire, distinguished this great man. Addison's ministers were Budgell, Tickell, Philips, Carey; his master of the horse, honest Dick Steele, who was what Duroc was to Napoleon, or Hardy to Nelson, — the man who performed his master's bidding, and would have cheerfully died in his quarrel. Addison lived with these people for seven or eight hours every day. The male society passed over their punch-bowls and tobacco-pipes about as much time as ladies of that age spent over spadille and manille.

For a brief space, upon coming up to town, Pope formed part of King Joseph's court, and was his rather too eager and obsequious humble servant. Dick Steele, the editor of the "Tatler," Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too, — a person of no little figure in the world of letters, — patronized the young poet, and set

him a task or two. Young Mr. Pope did the tasks very quickly and smartly (he had been at the feet, quite as a boy, of Wycherley's decrepit reputation, and propped up for a year that doting old wit). He was anxious to be well with the men of letters, to get a footing and a recognition; he thought it an honor to be admitted into their company, to have the confidence of Mr. Addison's friend, Captain Steele. His eminent parts obtained for him the honor of heralding Addison's triumph of "Cato" with his admirable prologue, and heading the victorious procession as it were. Not content with this act of homage and admiration, he wanted to distinguish himself by assaulting Addison's enemies, and attacked John Dennis with a prose lampoon, which highly offended his lofty patron. Mr. Steele was instructed to write to Mr. Dennis, and inform him that Mr. Pope's pamphlet against him was written quite without Mr. Addison's approval. Indeed, "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Phrenzy of J. D." is a vulgar and mean satire, and such a blow as the magnificent Addison could never desire to see any partisan of his strike in any literary quarrel. Pope was closely allied with Swift when he wrote this pamphlet. It is so dirty that it has been printed in Swift's works, too; it bears the foul marks of the master hand. Swift admired and enjoyed with all his heart the prodigious genius of the young Papist lad out of Windsor Forest, who had never seen a university in his life, and came and conquered the dons and the doctors with his wit. He applauded and loved him, too, and protected him, and taught him mischief. I wish Addison could have loved him better. The best satire

that ever has been penned would never have been written then; and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw. But he who had so few equals could not bear one; and Pope was more than that. When Pope, trying for himself, and soaring on his immortal young wings, found that his, too, was a genius which no pinion of that age could follow, he rose and left Addison's company, settling on his own eminence, and singing his own song.

It was not possible that Pope should remain a retainer of Mr. Addison, nor likely that after escaping from his vassalage and assuming an independent crown, the sovereign whose allegiance he quitted should view him amicably. They did not do wrong to mislike each other; they but followed the impulse of nature, and the consequence of position. When Bernadotte became heir to a throne, the Prince Royal of Sweden was naturally Napoleon's enemy. "There are many passions and tempers of mankind," says Mr. Addison in the "Spectator," speaking a couple of years before the little differences between him and Mr. Pope took place, "which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him because they now see him the superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal." Did Mr. Addison, justly perhaps thinking that as young Mr. Pope had not had

the benefit of a university education he could not know Greek, therefore he could not translate Homer, encourage his young friend Mr. Tickell, of Queen's, to translate that poet, and aid him with his own known scholarship and skill? It was natural that Mr. Addison should doubt of the learning of an amateur Grecian, should have a high opinion of Mr. Tickell, of Queen's, and should help that ingenious young man. It was natural, on the other hand, that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pope's friends should believe that this counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written, though Tickell's college friends had never heard of it; though, when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his scheme Mr. Addison knew nothing of the similar project of Tickell, of Queen's, — it was natural that Mr. Pope and his friends, having interests, passions, and prejudices of their own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Mr. Tickell's emulation Mr. Addison's envy, if envy it were.

> "And were there one whose fires
> True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
> Blest with each talent and each art to please,
> And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
> Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
> View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
> And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame as to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

"I sent the verses to Mr. Addison," said Pope, "and he used me very civilly ever after." No wonder he did. It was shame very likely more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn; it flashes forever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past, stainless but for that, pale, calm, and beautiful; it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like Saint Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his stepson come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.

Pope then formed part of the Addisonian court for a short time, and describes himself in his letters as sitting with that coterie until two o'clock in the morning over punch and burgundy, amidst the fumes of tobacco. To use an expression of the present day, the "pace" of those *viveurs* of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death; Godolphin labored all

day and gambled at night. Bolingbroke, writing to Swift from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising as he says refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life, when about that hour he used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure and jaded with business, his head often full of schemes and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day, a friend writes to me, who was not fat. Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat. All that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company, and being put into an independence by the gallant exertions of Swift and his private friends, and by the enthusiastic national admiration which justly rewarded his great achievement of the Iliad, purchased that famous villa of Twickenham which his song and life celebrated, duteously bringing his old parents to live and die there, entertaining his friends there, and making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to "Homer in a nutshell."

"Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man," Pope quaintly said to Spence, speaking of the manners and habits of the famous old patriarch of Will's. With regard to Pope's own manners, we have the best contemporary authority that they were singularly refined and polished. With his extraordinary sensibility, with his known tastes,

with his delicate frame, with his power and dread of ridicule, Pope could have been no other than what we call a highly-bred person. His closest friends, with the exception of Swift, were among the delights and ornaments of the polished society of their age. Garth, the accomplished and benevolent, whom Steele has described so charmingly, of whom Codrington said that his character was "all beauty," and whom Pope himself called the best of Christians without knowing it; Arbuthnot, one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind; Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age; the generous Oxford; the magnificent, the witty, the famous, and chivalrous Peterborough, — these were the fast and faithful friends of Pope, the most brilliant company of friends, let us repeat, that the world has ever seen. The favorite recreation of his leisure hours was the society of painters, whose art he practised. In his correspondence are letters between him and Jervas, whose pupil he loved to be; Richardson, a celebrated artist of his time, and who painted for him a portrait of his old mother, for whose picture he asked and thanked Richardson in one of the most delightful letters that ever was penned; and the wonderful Kneller, who bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any artist of his day.

It is affecting to note, through Pope's correspondence, the marked way in which his friends — the greatest, the most famous, and wittiest men of the time; generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines — all have a kind word and a kind thought for the good, simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her but that they knew how much he

loved her, and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women are affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one it is with a childish tenderness and an almost sacred simplicity. In 1713, when young Mr. Pope had by a series of the most astonishing victories and dazzling achievements seized the crown of poetry, and the town was in an uproar of admiration or hostility for the young chief; when Pope was issuing his famous decrees for the translation of the Iliad; when Dennis and the lower critics were hooting and assailing him; when Addison and the gentlemen of his court were sneering with sickening hearts at the prodigious triumphs of the young conqueror, — when Pope, in a fever of victory and genius, and hope and anger, was struggling through the crowd of shouting friends and furious detractors to his temple of Fame, his old mother writes from the country, "My deare," says she, "my deare, there's Mr. Blount, of Maple Durom, dead the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. Your sister is well, but your brother is sick. My service to Mrs. Blount, and all that ask of me. I hope to hear from you, and that you are well, which is my daily prayer, — and this with my blessing." The triumph marches by, and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories; the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home and says, "I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my deare."

In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life, and never forget that maternal benediction. It accompanied him always; his life seems purified by those artless and heartfelt prayers.

And he seems to have received and deserved the fond attachment of the other members of his family. It is not a little touching to read in Spence of the enthusiastic admiration with which his half-sister regarded him, and the simple anecdote by which she illustrates her love. "I think no man was ever so little fond of money," Mrs. Rackett says about her brother, "I think my brother when he was young read more books than any man in the world;" and she falls to telling stories of his school-days, and of the manner in which his master at Twyford ill-used him. "I don't think my brother knew what fear was," she continues; and the accounts of Pope's friends bear out this character for courage. When he had exasperated the dunces, and threats of violence and personal assault were brought to him, the dauntless little champion never for one instant allowed fear to disturb him, or condescended to take any guard in his daily walks except occasionally his faithful dog to bear him company. "I had rather die at once," said the gallant little cripple, "than live in fear of those rascals."

As for his death, it was what the noble Arbuthnot asked and enjoyed for himself, — a euthanasia, a beautiful end. A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain and weaknesses of his delirium there was something almost sacred. Spence describes him in his last days, looking up and with a rapt gaze as if something had suddenly passed before him. "He said to me, 'What's that?' pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down and said, with a smile of the greatest softness, ''Twas a vision!'" He laughed scarcely

ever, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated by a peculiar sweet smile.

"When," said Spence, the kind anecdotist whom Johnson despised, — "when I was telling Lord Bolingbroke that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends; and that this was so surprising, as it seemed to me as if humanity had outlasted understanding, — Lord Bolingbroke said, 'It has so;' and then added, 'I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than — ' Here," Spence says, "St. John sank his head, and lost his voice in tears." The sob which finishes the epitaph is finer than words. It is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it.

In Johnson's "Life of Pope" you will find described, with rather a malicious minuteness, some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked; he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table. He was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning, and required a nurse like a child. His contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says, "If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have *A p e.*" Pope catalogues,

at the end of the "Dunciad," with a rueful precision, other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes, and dragged their enemies thither morally; hooted them with foul abuse, and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw. Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback and write "Pope" underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope, with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill nature, but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words or discrepancy of objects which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better.

Without the utmost sensibility, Pope could not have been the poet he was; and through his life, however much he protested that he disregarded their abuse, the coarse ridicule of his opponents stung and tore him. One of Cibber's pamphlets coming into Pope's hands whilst Richardson the painter was with him, Pope turned round and said, "These things are my diversions;" and Richardson, sitting by whilst Pope perused the libel, said he saw his features "writhing with anguish." How little human nature changes! Cannot one see that little figure? Cannot one fancy one is reading Horace? Cannot one fancy one is speaking of to-day?

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners or wit or taste or beauty, caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literature in his time; and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robuster men; and in the famous feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy, it was a sort of necessity that when Pope's triumph passed, Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony; so it was natural for Dennis and Tibbald, and Welsted and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below, to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street was to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the "Dunciad" and the prose lampoons of Pope one feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant, at least to pity those wretched folks on whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want; he gloats over poor Dennis's garret and flannel nightcap and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors, — the historian at the tallow-chandler's under the blind arch in Petty France; the two translators in bed together; the poet in the cock-loft in Budge

Row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed more than any man who ever lived to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a Minister, and Prior an Ambassador, and Steele a Commissioner, and Swift all but a Bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the "Dunciad." If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third at any rate appeared decently at the coffee-house and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children, and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the "Dunciad;" and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit. Everybody read those; everybody was familiarized with the idea of the poor-devil author. The manner is so captivating that young authors practise it, and begin their career with satire. It is so easy to write, and so pleasant to read; to fire a shot that makes a giant wince, perhaps, and fancy

one's self his conqueror! It is easy to shoot, but not as Pope did. The shafts of his satire rise sublimely; no poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which the "Dunciad" concludes: —

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old;
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires, —
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Closed, one by one, to everlasting rest, —
Thus, at her fell approach and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardor, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most

harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking, a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit, dulness, superstition. It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back. It is a wonderful and victorious single combat, in that great battle which has always been waging since society began.

In speaking of a work of consummate art one does not try to show what it actually is, for that were vain; but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it. And in considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men; but in the presence of the great occasion the great soul flashes out, and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendor of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

LECTURE THE FIFTH

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING

I suppose, as long as novels last and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him and honest folks come by their own. There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it. Mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel. I fancy very few ladies indeed, for instance, could be brought to like "Gulliver" heartily, and (putting the coarseness and difference of manners out of the question) to relish the wonderful satire of "Jonathan Wild." In that strange apologue, the author takes for a hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite that his wit and experience, both large in this matter, could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect, and does not leave him till he is dangling at the gallows, — when the satirist makes him a low bow, and wishes the scoundrel good-day.

It was not by satire of this sort, or by scorn and contempt, that Hogarth achieved his vast popularity and acquired

his reputation. His art is quite simple; he speaks popular parables to interest simple hearts, and to inspire them with pleasure or pity, or warning and terror. Not one of his tales but is as easy as "Goody Two Shoes;" it is the moral of Tommy was a naughty boy and the master flogged him, and Jacky was a good boy and had plum-cake, which pervades the whole works of the homely and famous English moralist. And if the moral is written in rather too large letters after the fable, we must remember how simple the scholars and schoolmaster both were, and like neither the less because they are so artless and honest. "It was a maxim of Dr. Harrison's," Fielding says in "Amelia," — speaking of the benevolent divine and philosopher who represents the good principle in that novel, — "that no man can descend below himself in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, *or to bring a rogue to the gallows.*" The moralists of that age had no compunction, you see; they had not begun to be sceptical about the theory of punishment, and thought that the hanging of a thief was a spectacle for edification. Masters sent their apprentices, fathers took their children, to see Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild hanged, and it was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law that Fielding wrote and Hogarth painted. Except in one instance, where in the mad-house scene in the "Rake's Progress" the girl whom he has ruined is represented as still tending and weeping over him in his insanity, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter honest Hogarth's mind. There's not the slightest doubt in the breast of the jolly Draco.

The famous set of pictures called "Marriage à la Mode," and which are now exhibited in the National Gal-

lery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet, — as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere, — on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses, on the dogs, on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him, under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist, therefore a hypocrite and cheat, for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My Lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty; but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a like-

ness to her father as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture the old Lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house and the confidant of the mistress. My Lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the Rose, to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My Lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavoring to escape. My Lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his Lordship out of the world. Moral: Don't listen to evil, silvertongued counsellors; don't marry a man for

his rank, or a woman for her money; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the "Rake's Progress," a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company, — the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of "Industry and Idleness," the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of "Whittington" and the "London 'Prentice," whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers "Moll Flanders," and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at "halfpenny-under-the-hat" with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; while idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esquire, becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which

money can purchase or Alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night-cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognizes his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the Companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honor, and — oh crowning delight and glory of all! — whilst his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of Saint Paul's Churchyard, where the toy-shop is now.

How the times have changed! The new Post Office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Passed away 'prentice-boy and pretty girl! Passed away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead

beyond, a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city, clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abode of wealth and comfort, — the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe.

In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple, kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1847 and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day. Over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town when he came to take up his quarters at the Hercules Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilization and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks and chambers and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry, what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers riding on omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed, many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him.

To the student of history these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners and even the thoughts of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago. The peer in his drawing-room; the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gew-gaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint, florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane, — all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state, how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio, how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell, how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation. We see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender; we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy, and have before us, with sword and firelock, and "White Hanoverian Horse" embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire wagon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury Fly sets forth from the old Angel. You see the passengers entering the great, heavy vehicle up the wooden

steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady, apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar, is tugging at the bell; the hunchbacked postilion (he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker) is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the Centurion lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side (it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway; it has a likeness to Lismahago). You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician (it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the "Guardian" a few years before this date, singing under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire Lane her pleasant carol of a May morning). You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in "King Richard," Macheath and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate: they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench, the audience laughing in the pit, the student in the Oxford theatre, the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and with that face which, ugly as it was, he said

he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the "Rake's Progress" at Hogarth's picture of Saint James's Palace Gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.

What manner of man was he who executed these portraits, — so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the London National Gallery most of us have seen the best and most carefully finished series of his comic paintings, and the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero. You see him before you and can fancy what he was, — a jovial, honest London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man, loving his laugh, his friends, his glass, his roast beef of old England, and having a proper *bourgeois* scorn for French frogs, for mounseers, and wooden shoes in general, for foreign fiddlers, foreign singers, and above all for foreign painters, whom he held in the most amusing contempt.

It must have been great fun to hear him rage against Correggio and the Caracci; to watch him thump the table and snap his fingers, and say, "Historical painters be hanged! here's the man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's Sigismunda! Look at Bill Hogarth's Sigismunda; look at my altar-piece at Saint Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my Paul before Felix, and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them."

Posterity has not quite confirmed honest Hogarth's opinion about his talents for the sublime. Although Swift could not see the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, posterity has not shared the Dean's contempt for Handel; the world has discovered a difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and given a hearty applause and admiration to Hogarth too, but not exactly as a painter of scriptural subjects, or as a rival of Correggio. It does not take away from one's liking for the man, or from the moral of his story, or the humor of it, from one's admiration for the prodigious merit of his performances, to remember that he persisted to the last in believing that the world was in a conspiracy against him with respect to his talents as an historical painter, and that a set of miscreants, as he called them, were employed to run his genius down. They say it was Liston's firm belief that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not. One of the most notorious of the "miscreants," Hogarth says, was Wilkes, who assailed him in the "North Briton;" the other was Churchill, who put the "North Briton" attack into heroic verse, and published his "Epistle to Hogarth." Hogarth replied by that caricature of Wilkes in which the patriot still figures before us, with his Satanic grin and squint, and by a caricature of Churchill, in which he is represented as a bear with a staff, on which lie the first, lie the second, lie the tenth are engraved in unmistakable letters. There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off; and he tried to do

the same for his enemies in this little controversy. "Having an old plate by me," says he, "with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as I can expect at my time of life."

And so he concludes his queer little book of Anecdotes: "I have gone through the circumstances of a life which till lately passed pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other man. This I may safely assert, that I have done my best to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury. What may follow, God knows."

A queer account still exists of a holiday jaunt taken by Hogarth and four friends of his, who set out like the redoubted Mr. Pickwick and his companions, but just a hundred years before those heroes, and made an excursion to Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness, and adjacent places. One of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and a brother artist made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough, jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time. Hogarth and his friends, quitting the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the

river. At Billingsgate Hogarth made a "caracatura" of a facetious porter called the Duke of Puddledock, who agreeably entertained the party with the humors of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves, had straw to lie upon and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner with excellent port and a quantity more beer, and afterwards Hogarth and Scott played at hop-scotch in the town hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and the chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank to a boat at Gravesend; the whole company are represented in one design in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a nightcap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman; a third, with a handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

It is a jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth, of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and

merry. It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures.

Of Smollett's associates and manner of life the author of the admirable "Humphrey Clinker" has given us an interesting account in that most amusing of novels.

I have no doubt that this picture by Smollett is as faithful a one as any from the pencil of his kindred humorist, Hogarth.

We have before us, and painted by his own hand, Tobias Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest, and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes; he had been reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet, pamphleteer. He had fought endless literary battles, and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady. The battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. He is like one of those Scotch cadets, of whom history gives us so many examples, and whom, with a national fidelity, the great Scotch novelist has painted so charmingly, — of gentle birth and narrow means, going out from his northern home to win his fortune in the world, and to fight his way armed with courage, hunger, and keen wits. His crest is a shattered oak-tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. On his ancient coat-of-arms there is a lion and a horn; this shield of his was battered and dinted in a

hundred fights and brawls, through which the stout Scotchman bore it courageously. You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures, — his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College, in the country apothecary's shop, in the gun-room of the man-of-war where he served as surgeon, and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humor. I think Uncle Bowling in "Roderick Random" is as good a character as Squire Western himself; and Mr. Morgan, the Welsh apothecary, is as pleasant as Doctor Caius. What man who has made his inestimable acquaintance, what novel-reader who loves Don Quixote and Major Dalgetty, will refuse his most cordial acknowledgements to the admirable Lieutenant Lismahago? The novel of "Humphrey Clinker" is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.

Fielding, too, has described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw. He

had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with life. His family and education first, his fortunes and misfortunes afterwards, brought him into the society of every rank and condition of man. He is himself the hero of his books; he is wild Tom Jones, he is wild Captain Booth, — less wild, I am glad to think, than his predecessor, at least heartily conscious of demerit, and anxious to amend.

When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart, his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking. To the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air; and although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him.

A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the captain of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on his knees, and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu prettily characterizes Fielding and this capacity for happiness which he possessed, in a little notice of his death, when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living forever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and

robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humor, and his keen and hearty relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast, the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden rushing upon the feast with his great laugh, and immense, healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere : he lived with the grand man's society of those days; he was courted by peers, and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, -- Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel; was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work, — when the audience

began to hiss, Fielding said with characteristic coolness, "They have found it out, have they?" He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are perhaps of the architecture of that age, but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions, masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases? Why not show him, like him, as he is, — not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in a heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings; in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful,

and tender. He will give any man his purse, — he cannot help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancor, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.

If that theory be (and I have no doubt it is) the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage, I suppose that of the heroes of Fielding's three novels we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best, and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities; his voice, too musical to halloo to the dogs; his bravery in riding races for the gentlemen of the county, and his constancy in refusing bribes and temptation, — have something affecting in their *naïveté* and freshness, and prepossess one in favor of that handsome young hero. The rustic bloom of Fanny and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams are described with a friendliness which wins the reader of their story; we part from them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of "Pamela," for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic

and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He could not do otherwise than laugh at the puny cockney book-seller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a mollcoddle and a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on muffins and bohea. "Milksop!" roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. "Wretch! Monster! Mohock!" shrieks the sentimental author of "Pamela;" and all the ladies of his court cackle out an affrighted chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, cannot help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day; and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation, but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly; Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the

rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner, and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him. But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding; and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. "Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

As a picture of manners, the novel of "Tom Jones" is indeed exquisite; as a work of construction, quite a wonder. The by-play of wisdom, the power of observation, the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts, the varied character of the great Comic Epic, keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity. But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones, that a single hearty laugh from him "clears the air," — but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It

might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it; but I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story) when Mr. Jones enters Sophia's drawing-room, the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco-pipe and punch. I cannot say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character. I cannot say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humorist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable. If, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character, — then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities, as we do those of Parson Thwackum or Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation, a hero sponging for a guinea, a hero who cannot pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honor out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all; and a pretty long argument may be debated as to which of these old types — the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface — is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure.

The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did; goes down on his knees and owns his weaknesses, and cries out, "Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, O critical reader, to forgive me." That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge's practice out of court is not here the question), and says: "Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp. You have been tippling at the tavern when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoilt the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia's tender heart. You have got into debt without the means of paying it; you have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent; you have spent in drink or in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal! you own humbly that you are no better than you should be; you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable, weak-minded rogue: you do in your heart adore that angelic woman, your wife; and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge. Lucky for you, and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a remand; and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angel-

ical lady the expression of the cordial respect and admiration of this court." Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth; Amelia pleads for her reckless, kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her, and from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction. Fiction! Why fiction? Why not history? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of "Amelia," and thank the kind master who introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. "Amelia" perhaps is not a better story than "Tom Jones," but it has the better ethics; the prodigal repents, at least, before forgiveness, — whereas that odious, broad-backed Mr. Jones carries off his beauty with scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and shortcomings, and is not half punished enough before the great prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum-cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum, — the fond, foolish, palpitating little creature! "Indeed, Mr. Jones," she says, "it rests with you to appoint the day." I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as Amelia; and many a young fellow no better than Mr. Thomas Jones has carried by a *coup de main* the heart of many a kind girl who was a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of

nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, — speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences; prefer this one or that; deplore Jones's fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen; love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius, what a vigor, what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation, what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery, what a vast sympathy, what a cheerfulness, what a manly relish of life, what a love of human kind, what a poet is here, — watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humor and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered, — the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured, — and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout cap-

tain of the ship fell down on his knees and asked the sick man's pardon, "I did not suffer," Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire, — "I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him." Indeed, I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters, — of the officer on the African shore, when disease has destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavor; of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognize in the manly, the English, Harry Fielding.

LECTURE THE SIXTH

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH

Roger Sterne, Sterne's father, was the second son of a numerous race, descendants of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the reign of James II., and children of Simon Sterne and Mary Jaques, his wife, heiress of Elvington, near York. Roger was a lieutenant in Handyside's regiment, and engaged in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars. He married the daughter of a noted sutler ("N.B., he was in debt to him," his son writes, pursuing the paternal biography), and marched through the world with this companion, she following the regiment, and bringing many children to poor Roger Sterne. The captain was an irascible but kind and simple little man, Sterne says, and informs us that his sire was run through the body at Gibraltar, by a brother officer, in a duel which arose out of a dispute about a goose. Roger never entirely recovered from the effects of this rencontre, but died presently at Jamaica, whither he had followed the drum.

Lawrence, his second child, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, and travelled for the first ten years of his life, on his father's march, from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England.

One relative of his mother's took her and her family under shelter for ten months at Mullingar; another collateral descendant of the Archbishop's housed them for a year at his castle near Carrickfergus. Larry Sterne was

put to school at Halifax in England, finally was adopted by his kinsman of Elvington, and parted company with his father the Captain, who marched on his path of life till he met the fatal goose which closed his career. The most picturesque and delightful parts of Lawrence Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure are doubtless reminiscences of the boy who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beaten time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel.

Lawrence remained at Halifax school till he was eighteen years old. His wit and cleverness appear to have acquired the respect of his master here; for when the usher whipped Lawrence for writing his name on the newly whitewashed schoolroom ceiling, the pedagogue in chief rebuked the understrapper, and said that the name should never be effaced, for Sterne was a boy of genius, and would come to preferment.

His cousin, the Squire of Elvington, sent Sterne to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained five years, and taking orders, got through his uncle's interest the living of Sutton and the prebendary of York. Through his wife's connections he got the living of Stillington. He married her in 1741, having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. It was not until the young lady fancied herself dying that she made Sterne acquainted with the extent of her liking for him. One evening when he was sitting with her, with an almost

broken heart to see her so ill (the Reverend Mr. Sterne's heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life), she said: "My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune," — a generosity which overpowered Sterne. She recovered; and so they were married, and grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over. "Nescio quid est materia cum me," Sterne writes to one of his friends (in dog-Latin, and very sad dog-Latin too); "sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam," — which means, I am sorry to say, "I don't know what is the matter with me; but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever."

This to be sure was five-and-twenty years after Laurey had been overcome by her generosity, and she by Laurey's love. Then he wrote to her of the delights of marriage, saying: "We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch-fiend entered that indescribable scene. The kindest affections will have room to expand in our retirement; let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December? — some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity. We will sing our choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society! As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and

tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L."

And it is about this woman, with whom he finds no fault but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, "Sum fatigatus et ægrotus." *Sum mortaliter in amore* with somebody else! That fine flower of love, that polyanthus over which Sterne snivelled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century!

Or rather it could not be expected that a gentleman with such a fountain at command should keep it to *arroser* one homely old lady, when a score of younger and prettier people might be refreshed from the same gushing source. It was in December, 1767, that the Reverend Lawrence Sterne, the famous Shandean, the charming Yorick, the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine for whose sermons the whole polite world was subscribing, the occupier of Rabelais's easy chair (only fresh stuffed and more elegant than when in possession of the cynical old curate of Meudon), the more than rival of the Dean of Saint Patrick's, wrote the above-quoted respectable letter to his friend in London; and it was in April of the same year that he was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of "Daniel Draper, Esquire, Councillor of Bombay, and in 1775 chief of the factory of Surat, — a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe."

"I got thy letter last night, Eliza," Sterne writes, "on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined [the letter has this merit in it, that it contains a pleasant reminiscence of better men than Sterne, and introduces us to a portrait of a kind old gentleman] — I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, and where I was heard, as I talked of thee an hour

without intermission, with so much pleasure and attention that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his 85th year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth as she does already in exterior, and, what is far better [for Sterne is nothing without his morality], in interior merit. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century — Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. — always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day as I was at the Princess of Wales's Court, and said: 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you also should know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much? I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them; and despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have shut up my books and closed my accounts. But you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, — which I now do; so go home and dine with me.' This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy, for he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew, — added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

"He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction, for there was only a third person, *and of sensibility,* with us; and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse! And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind and warm every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained all night in consequence of thine, Eliza, are beyond the power of words. . . . And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk, and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties? Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do jus-

tice to his own complacency. I am glad your shipmates are friendly beings [Eliza was at Deal, going back to the Councillor at Bombay; and indeed it was high time she should be off]. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilize savages, though pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office. Write to me, my child, thy delicious letters. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself anyhow, everyhow. Such, Eliza, I write to thee! [The artless rogue, of course he did!] And so I should ever love thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honor and affection can make me

"'THY BRAMIN.'"

The Bramin continues addressing Mrs. Draper until the departure of the "Earl of Chatham" Indiaman from Deal, on the 2d of April, 1767. He is amiably anxious about the fresh paint for Eliza's cabin; he is uncommonly solicitous about her companions on board: —

"I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was — you know who — from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when — But I will not mortify you!"

"You know who" was, of course, Daniel Draper, Esquire, of Bombay, — a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe, and about whose probable health our worthy Bramin writes with delightful candor: —

"I honor you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, my philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow. Talking of widows, — pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not

think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'T is true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and good-humor. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honor the proposal."

Approve and honor the proposal! The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not out of the Downs and the charming Sterne was at the Mount Coffee-house, with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure his heart to Lady P——, asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy, whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned a man into a fool, — quoting the Lord's Prayer, with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world! It was from his home at Coxwould that he wrote the Latin letter, which, I suppose, he was ashamed to put into English. I find in my copy of the Letters that there is a note of, I cannot call it admiration, at Letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom the wretched, worn-out old scamp was paying his addresses; and the year after, having come back to his lodgings in Bond Street, with his "Sentimental Journey" to launch upon the town, eager as ever for praise and pleasure, — as vain, as wicked, as witty, as false as he had ever been, — death at length seized the feeble wretch, and on the 18th of March, 1768, that "bale of

cadaverous goods," as he calls his body, was consigned to Pluto. In his last letter there is one sign of grace, — the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia. All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental, — as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful, and full, not of surprising humor merely, but of genuine love and kindness. A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper and sell them for money! Does he exaggerate his grief, so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility; feign indignation, so as to establish a character for virtue; elaborate repartees, so that he may pass for a wit; steal from other authors, and put down the theft to the credit side of his own reputation for ingenuity and learning; feign originality; affect benevolence or misanthropy; appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause?

How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor? His audience trusts him: can he trust himself? How much was deliberate calculation and imposture, how much was false sensibility, and how much true feeling? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where; and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack? Some time since, I was in the company of a French actor who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises,* and which he performed admir-

ably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad; it was so charmingly sung that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study; and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping: he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I do not value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not, — posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me: "See what sensibility I have! Own now that I'm very clever! Do cry now, you can't resist this!" The humor of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as a song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man — who can make you laugh, who can make you cry too — never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose; when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

For instance, take the "Sentimental Journey," and see in the writer the deliberate propensity to make points and seek applause. He gets to Dessein's Hotel; he wants a carriage to travel to Paris, he goes to the inn-yard, and begins what the actors call "business" at once. There is that little carriage (the *désobligeante*): —

"Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mont Cenis, it had not profited much by its adventures, but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it; but something might; and when a few words will rescue Misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them."

Le tour est fait! Paillasse has tumbled! Paillasse has jumped over the *désobligeante,* cleared it, hood and all, and bows to the noble company. Does anybody believe that this is a real sentiment; that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery out of an old cab, is genuine feeling? It is as genuine as the virtuous oratory of Joseph Surface, when he begins, "The man who," &c., and wishes to pass off for a saint with his credulous, good-humored dupes.

Our friend purchases the carriage. After turning that notorious old monk to good account, and effecting (like a soft and good-natured Paillasse as he was, and very free with his money when he had it) an exchange of snuff-boxes with the old Franciscan, jogs out of Calais; sets down in immense figures on the credit side of his account the sous he gives away to the Montreuil beggars; and at Nampont

gets out of the chaise and whimpers over that famous dead donkey, for which any sentimentalist may cry who will. It is agreeably and skilfully done, that dead jackass; like Monsieur de Soubise's cook on the campaign, Sterne dresses it and serves it up quite tender and with a very piquant sauce. But tears and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handerchief and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside,— psha, mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!

This donkey had appeared once before, with signal effect. In 1765, three years before the publication of the "Sentimental Journey," the seventh and eighth volumes of "Tristram Shandy" were given to the world, and the famous Lyons donkey makes his entry in those volumes (pp. 315, 316): —

"'T was but a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves, and stood dubious, with his two forefeet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

"Now, 't is an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike. There is a patient endurance of suffering written so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him. On the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him. And surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those

carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and see what is natural for an ass to think (as well as a man) upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this. . . . With an ass I can commune forever.

"'Come, Honesty,' said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, 'art thou for coming in or going out?'

"The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

"'Well!' replied I, 'we'll wait a minute for thy driver.'

"He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

"'I understand thee perfectly,' answered I; 'if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.'

"He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavoriness had dropped it out of his mouth half-a-dozen times, and had picked it up again. 'God help thee, Jack!' said I; 'thou hast a bitter breakfast on't; and many a bitter day's labor, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages! 'T is all, all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others! And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot' (for he had cast aside the stem), 'and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon.' In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just bought, and gave him one; and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

"When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavy loaded; his legs seemed to tremble under him; he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: 'Don't thrash me with it; but if you will, you may!' 'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d——.'"

A critic who refuses to see in this charming description

wit, humor, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. A page or two further we come to a description not less beautiful, — a landscape and figures, deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility: —

"'T was in the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France; the sun was set; they had done their work: the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousal. My mule made a dead point. 'T is the pipe and tambourine,' said I: 'I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live;' so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that, 'I'll take a dance,' said I, 'so stay you here.'

"A sunburnt daughter of labor rose up from the group to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was of a dark chestnut approaching to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

"'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them. 'And a cavalier you shall have,' said I, taking hold of both of them. 'We could not have done without you,' said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

"A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourine of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude as he sat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this tress instantly,' said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. The whole knot fell down, — we had been seven years acquainted. The youth struck the note upon the tambourine, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.

"The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sang alternately with her brother. 'Twas a Gascoigne roundelay: *'Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.'* The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

"*Viva la joia* was in Nannette's lips, *viva la joia* in her eyes A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows!' cried I, 'why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance and sing and say his prayers and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious. 'Then 't is time to dance off,' quoth I."

And with this pretty dance and chorus, the volume artfully concludes. Even here one cannot give the whole description. There is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, — a latent corruption, a hint as of an impure presence.

Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly; the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked; the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of "David Copperfield" gives to my children.

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Étouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand:

"Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit.
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

"Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici-bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?"

In those charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of Goldsmith, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who of the millions whom he has amused does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, — as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage, necessity, keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? — his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this

sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, — that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table, round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his Honor's charity, and prays God bless his Rever-

ence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There is still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlor table; profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependents who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce. Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, then took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! it is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched, and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative — kind Uncle Contarine — took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school-days righteously doing as little work as he could, robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode

up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning, — and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop; and little Noll made his repartee of —

> "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying:
> See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

One can fancy the queer, pitiful look of humor and appeal upon that little scarred face, the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully, and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendor and fine colors. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church because he was fond of colored clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat. In better days he bloomed out in plum-color, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendors the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of *O. Goldsmith* was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure; he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem; and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America; but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf (it was but a lean one) and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen, — passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, and a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and Uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great

Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If Uncle Contarine believed those letters; if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related, of his going to Cork with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money and having sent his kit on board, of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage in a nameless ship, never to return, — if Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair, as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on Old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

> "But me not destined such delights to share,
> My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
> Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
> Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
> That like the circle bounding earth and skies
> Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
> My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
> And find no spot of all the world my own."

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, — as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honorable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I

think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm and rain and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbor; he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers; he could pawn his coat, to save his landlord from jail. When he was a school-usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it! not bought it! Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half-an-hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Doctor Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother and not himself to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others." Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much. If in his

early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his Works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver; the Court patronized Beattie. The fashion did not shine on him; fashion adored Sterne; fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little — not ill-humor, but plaintiveness — a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the manuscript for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne, — a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson and the admirable Reynolds and the great Gibbon and the great Burke and the great Fox, — friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure, kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast! The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of, — slan-

der, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity, perverting his commonest motives and actions. He had his share of these; and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo, — to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, — "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished, — cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity, and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since

paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession and esteemed as a skilful workman years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith had fate so willed, and at forty-six had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence; for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs, or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2,000 when he died. "Was ever poet," Johnson asked, "so trusted before?" As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day), he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills, or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit, or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, — for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labor; tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors; running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear; devising fevered plans for the morrow, new

histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes; flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure, — at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith, — the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black-oak door. Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn: —

"Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew, —
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past."

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison, as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul, the whole character of the man is told, — his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy, — no beggar was to be refused his dinner, nobody in fact was to work much, — and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes which had hung fire in London; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club, — of my Lord Clare, my Lord Bishop, and my Lord Nugent; sure, he knew them intimately, and was hand-and-glove with some of the best men in town, — and he would have spoken of Johnson

and of Burke, from Cork, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him; and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys's; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride, — the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, — who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers — were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country-house at Barton; he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks, and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton. But there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more, for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her, an old lady but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i. 63, 64):—

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, — which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a

very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy; and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery. It was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humor, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each: the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor; and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one! I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but as also I was no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humoring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like, — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still, his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it, his words in all our mouths, his very weaknesses beloved and familiar, — his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us, to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humor who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly.

Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a point which they held from tradition, I think, rather than experience, — that our profession was neglected in this country, and that men of letters were ill received and held in slight esteem. It would hardly be grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with good-will and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but

genius? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all? What punishment befell those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern; he cannot come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, that women will avoid the man of loose life, that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand should be made on their pockets by the needy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet sicken and break daily in the vain endeavor and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Do not we see daily ruined inventors, gray-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets, whilst scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings

or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable. You never can outrun that sure-footed officer, not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great; and he carries off the Tatler to the sponging-house, or taps the Citizen of the World on the shoulder, as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honor provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? How long is he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s parties, he does not state that the army is despised. If Lord C. no longer asks Counsellor D. to dinner, Counsellor D. does not announce that the bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him. If he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an Ambassador like Prior, or a Secretary of State like Addison, — his pretence of equality falls to the ground at once; he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bon jour;* laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority and his equally ludicrous airs of martyr-

dom; laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it's worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris* and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense as it has its good humor. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man who says, "It despises my profession," I say, with all my might, No, no, no! It may pass over your individual case, — how many a brave fellow has failed in the race and perished unknown in the struggle! — but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please it, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detects you, and scorns you if you are mean; it returns your cheerfulness with its good humor, it deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses, it recognizes most kindly your merits, it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was mistake, and not ill-will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift and Pope and Addison; dear and honored memories of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honor to the literary calling in the honor which it bestows upon *you?*

LECTURE THE SEVENTH

CHARITY AND HUMOR

Several charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place, and which you are all abetting, — the cause of love and charity; the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is

taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing, with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it, that its fruits are good. A man

may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain, or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with

them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee.

And so with a loving humor: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world — that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feelings, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made

for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Le Fevre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tomb-stone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the Journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure — a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox — but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in

which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it it not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and good-will for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked — more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his

friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we

dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me — I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, cannot venture to express an opinion of my own — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated, by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the fogey interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished soci-

ety; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him — a courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity,

must rank very high indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes — not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, or rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since

Steele's and Addison's time — the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbor, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand "Don Quixote"; children and common people still read "Gulliver" for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by "Jonathan Wild" than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wild's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in "Tom Jones," and Doctor Harrison's in "Amelia," and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the grooms-

man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence, a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate, a great love for the pure and good — these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly — what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible, its charities are countless; it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the " Bonne Vieille," the " Soldats au pas, au pas "; with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes and sacred recol-

lections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities — of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathiser; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum,* strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than every tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humor, and especially modern popular humor, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower

classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece in which a wicked aristocrat is not bepummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman, who I suspect knows about as much about the Court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpenny-worth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George the Fourth, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpenny-worth more of the same delectable history: George the Fourth was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since, I went to two penny-theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked lord kicked out of the window — there is always a wicked lord kicked out of the window. First piece: — "Domestic drama — Thrilling interest! — Weaver's family in distress! — Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves! — Enter wicked lord: tempts Fanny with offer

of diamond necklace, champagne suppers, and coach to ride in! — Enter sturdy blacksmith. — Scuffle between blacksmith and aristocratic minion: exit wicked lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain earls and magistrates towards the people. Two wicked lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trousers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eye-glass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behavior: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pockets, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked lord to the right, wicked lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marlinspike, with which — whack! whack! down goes wicked lord, No. 1 — wicked lord, No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with a hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after. Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather

hard upon the great folks! Well, well! their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humor. We have among us other literary parties; we have "Punch," as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also — it must be said, and it is still to be hoped — a "Vanity Fair" party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London "Times" newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind

English humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which "Punch" first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly?

I never saw the writer but once, but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)— I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fan-

cies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa:" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter

author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does

not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, — I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it — I speak with awe and reverence — a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.

NOTES

SWIFT

35. 5.—*Harlequin.* A character of the early Italian masked comedy, who, dressed in a parti-colored costume, amused the audience by his pranks and rude wit. He was transferred to the English stage in the eighteenth century by the actor Rich, of whom this story was frequently told.

35. 15.—*Try and describe.* For *try to describe;* a colloquialism which Thackeray frequently adopts; (cf. p. 38, l. 2, *to try and please*, etc.)

36. 20.— *Kilkenny.* A town on the Nore in the county of Kilkenny in southern Ireland. Swift entered the grammar school here when he was six, and remained until he was fourteen. Among his schoolfellows here was William Congreve, the dramatist.

36. 21.—*Was wild.* There is no evidence that Swift was dissipated while at Trinity College. He seems, however, to have applied himself only to those studies which suited his fancy.

36. 25.—*Took orders.* I. e. he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England.

36. 30. —*Laracor.* A small town in the county of Meath, province of Leinster, Ireland.

37. 1.—*Temple's natural daughter.* " 'Miss Hetty' she was called in the family, where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds." (Hannay's note.) But there is no evidence that Temple was Stella's father.

37. 6. —*His deanery of St. Patrick.* Swift was installed as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, June 13, 1713.

37. 12.—*Drapier's Letters.* A series of letters begun in 1724, addressed by Swift, under the pen-name of M. B. Drapier, to the Irish people, and advising them to refuse the copper money coined under government patent by William Wood ("Wood's half-pence"). The transaction was a corrupt one, and was made by Swift an occasion for a general discussion of Irish grievances. His fierce attacks resulted in a withdrawal of the patent.

37. 13.—*Gulliver's Travels. Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World by Lemuel Gulliver* (1726). One of Swift's bitterest satires on the weaknesses and vices of the human race.

37. 13. *He married Hester Johnson.* The question of Swift's marriage to Hester Johnson (Stella) occasioned a lively literary dispute. Craik, Swift's most reliable biographer, believes that the marriage actually took place, but the fullest investigation has failed to reveal any evidence in support of his view.

37. 24.—*Scott.* Sir Walter Scott, whose *Life of Swift* appeared in 1814.

37. 25.—*Johnson.* Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-84), author of the famous dictionary. His essay on Swift is contained in his *Lives of the English Poets.* Boswell refers to Johnson's opinion of Swift in his *Tour to the Hebrides:* "He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not."

38. 5.—*Stella and Vanessa controversy.* An allusion to the quarrel between Stella and Vanessa (Esther Vanhomrigh). Miss Vanhomrigh felt for Swift a passion which he sought alternately to humor and to check. She followed him to Ireland in 1714. In 1723 she wrote to Stella or to Swift, asking whether they were married; Swift went over to Vanessa's house, threw her letter on the table, and went off without saying a word. Vanessa survived the shock only a few weeks, and in her will left money for the publication of Swift's poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa,* in which their amour is described.

38. 10.—*Would we have liked to live with him?* An instance of Thackeray's fondness for imagining himself a contemporary of the eighteenth century characters of whom he wrote.

38. 18.—*Fielding,* Henry (1707-54); the great English novelist; author of *Tom Jones.* See Thackeray's fifth lecture.

38. 19.—*The Temple.* The name applied to the great law school and barristers' quarters in London. The building occupies the site of a semi-monastic structure belonging originally to the order of Knights Templars.

38. 24.—*Goldsmith,* Oliver (1728-1774); author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village.* See Thackeray's sixth lecture.

38. 24.—*James Boswell* (1740-95). The friend and biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

39. 4.—*A coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon.* Thackeray is here rather unjust to Swift.

39. 5.—*Blue ribbon.* The insignia of the Order of the Garter, the highest decoration in the gift of the English crown.

39. 13.—*The Opposition.* The members of Parliament opposed to the party in office.

39. 20.—*Bolingbroke.* Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751); English statesman and political writer; at one time prime minister. This letter was addressed to Bolingbroke and Pope (April 5, 1729); the lines quoted are from the part written to Pope.

39. 31.—*Macheath.* The highwayman hero of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (1728).

40. 2.—*Apron.* The characteristic garment worn by the bishops of the English church as a sign of their office.

40. 4.—*A living.* I. e. an ecclesiastical living; a benefice.

40. 5.—*Patent place.* A post conferred by royal patent or license.

40. 8.—*Mitre and crosier.* The insignia of office of a bishop.

40. 9.—*St. James's.* St. James's Palace was the official residence of Queen Anne.

40. 20.—*Condottieri.* Italian for "soldiers of fortune." The name refers here to party leaders.

40. 20.—*The Boyne.* The battle of the Boyne was fought on the river of that name in Ireland, July 1, 1690, between King William III and the deposed Stuart king, James II. James was decisively defeated.

40. 26.—*South Sea Bubble.* The popular name given to the scheme devised by the South Sea Company in 1711 to provide for the extinction of the public debt. The company prospered enormously, the shares of its stock selling at many times their par value. Thousands of people in all walks of life invested their money with the company and lost it when the bubble burst in 1720.

40. 27.—*Railway mania.* An effort was made in 1850 to float a great number of railway companies. The results to the shareholders were, as in the case of the South Sea Bubble, usually disastrous. "Not many centuries ago" is, of course, a humorous hyperbole for "a short time ago."

41. 11.—*Coup.* A political or diplomatic *stroke.*

41. 14.—*French general.* Napoleon Bonaparte. When the British government was led to believe that he had planned to employ the neutral Danish fleet against Great Britain, they demanded from the Danes the surrender of the fleet, promising to restore the ships at the end of the war. When the Danes refused, the British bombarded Copenhagen until the fleet was surrendered (September 6, 1807). Thackeray represents Napoleon as making the Copenhagen affair a pretext for his proposed invasion of England.

42. 12.—*Poetical power.* Dryden's opinion of Swift's poetical power was summed up in the terse criticism: "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Most of Swift's verse is vigorous; little of it is real poetry.

42. 21.—*Sir William Temple* (1628-99). Statesman, essayist, dilettante. In political life he is best known as the originator of the triple alliance of Holland, England, and Sweden against France; in literature his best known work is his essay on the art of gardening. Swift's employment in Temple's house began in 1689 and continued with only one notable break until Sir William's death. For an account of Swift's position in the Temple household see Craik's *Life,* Vol. 1, Chap. 1. Thackeray's picture of Temple is somewhat harsh and unsympathetic.

42. 26.—*The upper servants' table.* Although the position of a private chaplain in a nobleman's house was not, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, counted as much above that of an upper servant, there is no evidence that Swift did not dine with the family while he was under Temple's roof.

44. 7.—*Epicurean.* A follower of Epicurus, a Greek philosopher who lived 342-270 B. C. His system of philosophy was soon misunderstood, and his rule of living for pleasure abused, until the term Epicurean came finally to be applied to the man who gave himself up to bodily indulgence. Thackeray uses the word in its philosophical rather than in its popular sense.

44. 9.—*He pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty,* etc. Figurative references to Temple's dilettante pursuit of literature.

44. 11.—*Dallies by the south wall.* In his essay *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus, or of Gardening* (1685) Temple tells of the growing of plums by training them against a south wall.

44. 22.—*Dorinda.* Dorinda is Swift's name for Martha, Lady Gifford, Tem-

ple's sister; *Dorothea* is the name he gives to Dorothy, Sir William's wife. Thackeray's quotation is from Swift's poem *Occasioned by Sir William Temple's Late Illness and Recovery* (Dec., 1693).

44. 30.—*One of the menials wrote it.* I. e. Swift.

45. 5.—*Moxa.* "A woolly, soft substance prepared from the young leaves of *Artemisia Chinensis*, and plants of other species, and burnt on the skin to produce an ulcer; hence, any substance used in a like manner." (Webster's Dict.).

45. 13.—*His Excellency's own gentleman.* I. e. Sir William's valet or body-servant.

45. 14.—*Parson Teague.* The derisive name applied to young Swift. It occurs in the famous Lillibulero song, so intimately associated with the English revolution of 1688; in it the name "broder Teague" is given in derision to the Irish.

45. 25.—*Hester Johnson.* Stella; see notes to **37**, 1 and 13.

45. 29.—*Plates-bandes.* Flower borders for walks or walls.

45. 30.—*Diogenes Laertius.* The reputed author of *Lives and Doctrines of Famous Philosophers*, written in the third century A. D.

45. 31.—*Julius Cæsar.* "Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; . . . . . ."
(*Julius Cæsar* III, 2, 252-4).

45. 31.—*Semiramis.* A legendary queen of Assyria, who flourished about 2000 B. C. She is said to have practiced horticulture.

45. 31.—*Hesperides.* In Greek mythology the three daughters of Hesperus, the evening star. They kept in their garden the golden apples of Hera, but were robbed of the treasure by Hercules.

46. 1.—*Mæcenas* (70?-8 B. C.). A statesman and cultured patron of literary men in the reign of Augustus. He was the owner of extensive gardens.

46. 1.—*Strabo* (63? B. C.-24? A. D.). A famous Greek geographer, who refers to certain beautiful gardens in his description of Jericho.

46. 2.—*The Assyrian kings* who succeeded Semiramis kept up the gardens which she had had made. All of the names explained in the last seven notes are mentioned by Temple in his essay on gardening.

46. 3.—*Pythagoras* (600?-510? B. C.). A Greek philosopher who is known chiefly because of his doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Temple's explanation of the precept to abstain from beans was undoubtedly suggested by the fact that beans were used as ballots at Athenian elections, the white beans representing an affirmative vote; the black, a negative.

46. 13.—*One person.* I. e. Hester Johnson (Stella).

47. 16.—*Bishop Kennet.* White Kennet (1660-1728), Bishop of Peterborough, a scholar and antiquarian.

47. 26.—*The red bag.* Public officers in England use red woolen bags for carrying documents and official seals.

47. 32.—*Mr. Pope (a Papist).* Alexander Pope (1688-1744); English poet, and translator of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. See Thackeray's fourth lecture.

48. 7.—*This picture of the great Dean seems a true one.* Compare with Bishop Kennet's account of Swift, Thackeray's own picture of the satirist in *Henry Esmond:*

"I presume you are the editor of the *Post-Boy*, sir?" says the Doctor in a grating voice that had an Irish twang; and he looked at the Colonel from under his two bushy eyebrows with a pair of very clear blue eyes. His complexion was muddy, his figure rather fat, his chin double. He wore a shabby cassock, and a shabby hat over his black wig, and he pulled out a great gold watch, at which he looked very fierce." (Book III, Chap. 5).

48. 31.—*The Tale of a Tub.* A satire published in 1704 directed principally against the opponents of the Church of England, but interpreted by some as reflecting upon all forms of faith. The essay stood repeatedly in the way of Swift's ecclesiastical preferment. The bishopric here referred to was that of Hereford, which Swift's friends tried in vain to secure for him in 1712.

49. 12.—*John Gay* (1685-1732). Poet and dramatist; see Thackeray's fourth lecture.

49. 13.—*A seat on the Bench.* I. e. on the bench of bishops in the House of Lords.

49. 16.—*Cassock and bands.* The official attire of clergymen of the Church of England.

49. 25.—*Steele* (1672-1729). English essayist; see Thackeray's third lecture.

50. 1.—"*Peccavi.*" "I have sinned."

50. 4.—*Wooden shoes.* A reference to the French Roman Catholics, who were popularly supposed to wear wooden-soled shoes.

50. 9.—*Tipsy guardroom.* A reference to Steele's army life, first as a private in the Duke of Ormond's troop, and then as a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers.

50. 10.—*Covent Garden.* A large square in London which was originally the garden of the Abbot of Westminster. The allusion is to Fielding, who was helped home frequently from a Covent Garden tavern.

51. 14.—*Abudah.* A rich merchant of Bagdad in the *Tales of the Genii* by James Ridley (1736-65), who is driven by the nightly visits of a wretched old hag to seek the talisman of Oromanes, which will bring the possessor perfect peace. Later he finds out that perfect happiness can come only from faith in God, and a complete obedience to His will, and that his adventures in quest of the talisman have been only dreams. The story is not Arabian, but Persian.

51. 18.—*What a vulture that tore the heart of that giant!* Swift is here likened to Prometheus, in Greek mythology the Titan who presumed to steal fire from heaven, and who was punished by being chained to a great rock on Mount Caucasus; here a vulture feasted daily on his liver, which grew again at night.

51. 21.—*Goethe* (1749-1832). The greatest German poet. His best known work is his drama *Faust.* For Thackeray's acquaintance with him see *Introduction*, pp. 13-14.

51. 25.—"*Sæva indignatio.*" "Fierce indignation." Quoted from the Latin epitaph which Swift wrote for his own grave: "Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S. T. P. hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis decani: ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Etc." (Here rests the body of Jonathan

Swift, Professor of Sacred Theology, Dean of this church, where fierce indignation can no longer tear the heart. Etc.").

52. 6.—*Lilliputian island.* The land visited by Lemuel Gulliver in the first of his voyages. The inhabitants of the country are represented as being only a few inches in height, and as living in a correspondingly miniature world.

52. 8.—*Samson, with a bone in his hand. Judges* XV, 15: "And he found a new jaw-bone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it and slew a thousand men."

52. 21.—*Modest Proposal.* The *Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or the Country* (1729) was one of the numerous satirical tracts which Swift wrote to reveal the wretchedness of life in Ireland. The "proposal," presented with studied calmness and horrible ghastliness of detail, was that parents unable to support their children should fatten and sell them to be eaten.

53. 19.—*Almanach des Gourmands. Almanac of Gormands,* published in Paris, 1805-12.

53. 20.—*On naît rôtisseur.* "A man is born a cook;" i. e. cooks—like poets—are born, not made.

53. 27.—*Among his favorite horses.* On his fourth voyage Gulliver discovered a country, the land of the Houyhnhnms, which was inhabited by a race of intelligent horses, who employed human beings as pack and work animals.

54. 11.—*Royal Sovereign.* A common name for a leading ship in the British navy.

54. 11.—*Brobdingnag.* The land of a giant race visited by Gulliver.

54. 17.—*Austrian lip.* The protruding under lip of the House of Hapsburg, the reigning family in Austria.

54. 25.—*Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet.* Macaulay quoted in his essay on *The Life and Writings of Addison* (1843) from Addison's Latin poem of the battle of the Cranes and the Pigmies those lines which describe the attack of the Pigmy leader, who was half an ell taller than his warriors. See note to **81, 1.**

54. 28.—*The mast of some great ammiral. Paradise Lost,* I, 293-4.

55. 11.—*The unpronounceable country.* The country of the Houyhnhnms.

56. 6.—*Mr. Punch.* The hero of the "Punch and Judy show." The name was adopted by the leading English comic periodical, to which Thackeray contributed articles and drawings early in his literary career. See *Introduction,* p. 15.

56. 8.—*Yahoos.* The brute-like and degenerate race of men employed by their masters, the horses, as domestic animals in Gulliver's fourth voyage. This tale is a bitter satire on the follies and vices of the human race.

57. 10.—*Delany.* Patrick Delany (1685? - 1768), Dean of Down in Ireland, and an intimate friend of Swift's.

57. 11.—*Archbishop King* (Born 1650). Primate of Ireland and friend of Swift's.

57. 22.—*Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver.* Isaac Bickerstaff was the pen-name under which Swift wrote an astrological almanac, *The Predictions for the Year 1708,* in ridicule of a charlatan astrologer, John Partridge. The

pamphlet at once became exceedingly popular. Steele used the name again in the first few numbers of his *Tatler* (1709). For the other names, *Drapier* and *Gulliver*, see notes to **37**, 12 and **37**, 13.

61. 15.—*Harley.* Earl of Oxford (1661-1724); a leading statesman of Swift's time and a great friend of the poet's.

61. 15.—*Peterborough.* Earl of Peterborough (1658-1735); a leading statesman and a friend of Pope's.

62. 14.—*Cadenus and Vanessa. Cadenus* is an anagram for *Decanus*, the Latin for *Dean*. *Vanessa* Swift compounded from *Es*ther *Van*homrigh. The poem alluded to was written in 1713, and published after Miss Vanhomrigh's death. See note to **38**, 5.

62. 22.—*Il y prend goût.* French for "he acquires a taste for it."

62. 31.—*Ariadne.* In Greek mythology the daughter of Minos, King of Crete, who assisted Theseus to slay the Minotaur. She fled with the hero to the island of Naxos, where he deserted her.

63. 7.—*The Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.* An allusion to Swift's *Meditation on a Broomstick* (1708), a parody on the *Moral Meditations* of Robert Boyle.

64. 5.—*Sheridan.* Dr. Thomas Sheridan (1684-1738), an Irish clergyman and schoolmaster, who for years was an intimate friend of Swift's; Swift finally separated from him in anger.

CONGREVE AND ADDISON

65. 2.—*The Reform Bill.* The first Reform Bill, passed in 1832, removed some of the more glaring abuses in Parliamentary representation.

65. 3.—*"Union."* The "Union" is still the leading debating club of the university, and is now provided with a very handsome building.

65. 6.—*Opposition and Government.* By the Government is meant the ministry in power; by the Opposition, the party out of power.

65. 10.—*John's . . . . . Trinity.* Two well-known Cambridge colleges.

65. 13.—*Pitt.* William Pitt, the Younger (1759-1806); English statesman and parliamentary orator; Prime Minister 1783-1806.

65. 13.—*Mirabeau* (1749-1791). A French orator and statesman who became president of the French National Assembly in 1791.

65. 16.—*With the family seat in his pocket.* I. e. ready to nominate any speaker of whom he approves for a seat in the House of Commons. Before the Reform Bill the great nobles had what were called "pocket boroughs," i. e. constituencies which they controlled.

65. 19.—*Cornwall . . . . Old Sarum.* Two of the "rotten" or "pocket" boroughs which were abolished by the Reform Bill. The latter, which returned two members to Parliament, did not have a single voter within its limits.

66. 1.—*Boxing the watch.* Tipping the watchman over in his box, a favorite amusement of the young gallants of Queen Anne's time.

66. 3.—*Christ-church.* One of the most famous of the colleges of the University of Oxford.

66. 6. —*Prince Eugene* (1663-1736). A renowned Austrian general who became very popular with the English as Marlborough's ally against Louis XIV at the battle of Blenheim (1704). He is mentioned by Addison in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers of the *Spectator* and figures also in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*.

66. 11.—*Busby*. Richard Busby (1606-1695), the head-master of Westminster school, who was so rigid a disciplinarian that his flogging became proverbial. The rod is here likened to the staff of Aaron, which budded and brought forth almonds. (*Numbers* XVII, 8).

66. 14. —*Prior*, Matthew (1664-1721); English poet; see Thackeray's fourth lecture.

66. 14.—*Tickell*, Thomas (1686-1740); English poet and essayist. He is best known as a friend of Addison's, whose works he edited, and as a contributor to the *Spectator*.

66. 14.—*John Gay*. See note to **49**, 12.

66. 14.—*John Dennis* (1657-1734). A dramatic critic and satirist who was at one time highly respected, but who was later satirized and ridiculed by his literary contemporaries.

66. 18.—*Save one*. I. e. Pope; see Thackeray's fourth lecture.

66. 19.—*Happy quarter-day*. I. e. a quarterly pay-day.

66. 27.—*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo*. The Roman gods of war, of wine, and of poetry and music respectively.

66. 28. *Marlborough*. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722); a famous English general who commanded the allied armies in Holland in the War of the Spanish Succession, and won successively the great battles of Blenheim (1704), Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1709). Addison sings his praises in *The Campaign*, and Congreve, in a number of Pindaric Odes.

66. 28. —"*Accourez*," etc. "Hasten, chaste nymphs of Parnassus. Note well the harmony of the tones which my lyre produces, and you, winds, hold silence. Of Louis I will sing." (Quoted from the first stanza of Boileau's *Ode sur la prise de Namur*.)

66. 29. —*Boileau* (1636-1711). A French poet and man of letters who exerted a powerful influence on English literature during the age of Pope. Addison, who met him in Paris in 1700, was much affected by his personality and power.

66. 29. —*The Grand Monarch*. Louis XIV, King of France (1638-1715), whose long reign was a succession of brilliant political and literary achievements. Thackeray has caricatured "Le Grand Monarque" in a series of three drawings; the first represents "Ludovicus Rex," the king in all his regal robes; the second, "Rex," the regal robes without the man; and the third, "Ludovicus," the man without any emblems of his exalted rank.

67. 13. *Pindaric Odes*. Pindar (522-443 B. C.) was a Greek poet famous as a writer of choral poetry. His odes were written to be sung; those of his English imitators are usually merely rhymed poems of a dignified style.

67. 14.—*Johnson's Poets*. See note to **37**, 25.

67. 14. —*Poets' corner*. This phrase was undoubtedly borrowed from the name

given the corner in Westminster Abbey, London, where many poets are buried or have monuments.

67. 19.—*Old Bachelor.* This popular play appeared in 1693 and was acted until 1789. It was greatly praised by John Dryden.

67. 21.—*Charles Montague Lord Halifax* (1661-1715). English poet, satirist, and statesman. A patron of Addison's.

67. 25.—*Pipe-office.* "The office of the Clerk of the Pipe [i. e. of the enrolled accounts of crown officials] in the Exchequer." (New English Dict.).

67. 30.—"*Ah, l' heureux temps,*" etc. "Oh the happy time when these fables were realities."

68. 2.—*Smoked them.* Found them out and abolished them. There is, of course, a playful allusion to the word "Pipe."

68. 15.—*At the same school,* etc. I. e. at the school at Kilkenny and at Trinity College, Dublin. See note to **36**, 20.

68. 17.—*Middle Temple.* See note to **38**, 19.

68. 20.—*Piazza.* I. e. of Covent Garden, a famous market square of London. See note to **50**, 10.

68. 20.—*The Mall.* A broad promenade on the north side of St. James's Park, London.

68. 22.—*Mr. Dryden.* John Dryden (1631-1700); a celebrated English poet, dramatist, and literary critic; poet-laureate 1670-1688. His translation of Virgil's *Æneid* appeared in 1697.

69. 3.—*Will's.* A coffee-house in Russell Street, London, made famous by the patronage of Dryden.

69. 3.—*Pope.* See Thackeray's fourth lecture and note to **47**, 32. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* appeared in 1720.

69. 5.—*Voltaire* (1694-1778). French poet, dramatist, and satirist. He visited England in 1726 after an imprisonment in France, and remained there for two years.

69. 9.—*Grub Street.* A street in London which, during the eighteenth century was, according to Samuel Johnson, "much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub-street."

69. 9.—*Timon.* An Athenian misanthrope, the hero of Shakspere's *Timon of Athens.*

69. 15.—*Bracegirdle.* Anne (1663? - 1748); a famous English actress noted for her beauty and benevolence. She attained her highest success in Congreve's plays, and has been criticized, although without sufficient grounds, for her relations with him. Thackeray calls her in *Henry Esmond* "that most charming of actresses and lively and agreeable of women." (*Esmond,* Book II, Chapter V).

69. 26.—*Shameless Comic Muse.* What follows is a lively figurative picture of the witty but immoral drama which the patronage of Charles II and the genius of Congreve helped to make popular, and of the critical war which finally resulted in the overthrow of the "shameless Comic Muse" and the establishment of a cleaner, if somewhat flatter, class of plays.

69. 27.—*Nell Gwynn* (1650? - 1687). A famous English actress and court beauty. In 1669 she became the mistress of Charles II.

69. 30.—*Jeremy Collier* (1650-1726). An English divine famous for his *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, and for his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* (1698); this last was an attack against the immoral drama so vigorous that it assisted greatly in bringing about a much needed reform.

69. 31.—*Jezebel.* The wicked wife of Ahab, King of Israel. (See I *Kings* 18, 4; 19, 1-2; 21. II *Kings* 9, 30-37). The word came to be used of any wicked, shameless woman, and is here applied figuratively to Restoration Comedy.

70. 7.—*From the Continent with Charles.* At the time of his restoration in 1660 Charles II brought back with him many of the loose manners and morals of the French capital, where he had spent much of his time during his exile from England.

70. 9.—*Laïs.* The name of two Greek courtesans; the more famous was born in Corinth about 180 B. C.

70. 15.—*Poor Nell.* A possible reminiscence of Charles II's dying reference to his mistress, "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

70. 18.—*When the Puritans hooted her.* The Puritans had closed the doors of the theatres in 1642; after the Restoration in 1660 they continued their attacks on the stage,—of course less openly.

70. 28.—*Harlequin.* See note to **35**, 5.

70. 31. —*Pompeii.* An ancient Italian city which, with Herculaneum, was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A. D. Of the remains of the city which modern excavations have uncovered, *Sallust's House* is probably the most perfect.

71. 8.—*We take the skull up*, etc. A reminiscence of the grave diggers' scene in *Hamlet* (Act V, Sc. I).

72. 6.—*Gaunt disciples.* The Christians.

72. 8.—*Venus.* Roman goddess of love.

72. 9.—*Bacchus.* Roman god of wine.

72. 14.—*When the libertine hero*, etc. A stock plot and characters of the Restoration drama.

72. 16.—*The ballad.* A lyric poem by Robert Herrick (1591-1674), which begins:

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old time is still a-flying;
> And this same flower that smiles today,
> Tomorrow will be dying."

72. 19.—*Corydon . . . . Phillis.* Stock names in pastoral poetry for country swains and maidens.

72. 24.—*Pas.* Step.

72. 26.—*Châlet.* A little Swiss cottage.

73. 1.—*Mr. Punch.* See note to **56**, 6.

73. 17.—*Segreto per esser felice.* The secret of being happy.

73. 18.—*Falernian.* A celebrated wine of the ancient Romans.

73. 31.—*Mirabel or Belmour.* The first is a character in Congreve's *The Way of the World* (1700); the second is from his *Old Bachelor* (1693).

74. 2.—*Scapin and Frontin.* Witty, intriguing servants,—the first from Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*; the second, a stock character of the old French comedy.

74. 21.—*Millamant.* Mrs. Millamant is a lady of the high society type in Congreve's *The Way of the World.*

74. 22.—*Doricourt.* The hero of *The Belle's Stratagem*, a comedy by Mrs. Hannah Cowley (1743-1809).

75. 4.—*Billingsgate.* A famous London fish-market on the north bank of the Thames. From the foul language used by the fish-wives the name has come to be applied to foul language generally.

75. 6.—*Horace* (65-8 B. C.). The most famous of Latin lyric poets and satirists. Congreve was fond of translating and imitating him.

75. 14.—*Richelieu*, Cardinal de (1585-1642); Prime Minister of Louis XIII, and one of the most celebrated of French statesmen. He was a brilliant writer, a patron of letters, and the founder of the French Academy.

75. 18.—*Grammont's French dandies . . . . . Lerida.* Philibert, Count de Gramont (1621-1707) was an unprincipled soldier and courtier who spent a great deal of his time at the dissolute court of Charles II of England. He took part in 1647 in the siege of Lerida, the capital of the province of Lerida in Spain.

75. 21. —*Wells at Tunbridge.* Tunbridge Wells, a fashionable watering place about thirty miles southeast of London. The stanza which follows is from a poem *Written at Tunbridge Wells, on Miss Temple, afterwards Lady of Sir Thomas Lyttelton.*

76. 6.—"*As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.*" Prometheus; see note to **51**, 18.

78. 2.—*Pas.* The precedence.

78. 6.—*Louis Quatorze.* Louis XIV of France, called *The Grand Monarch;* see note to **66**, 29.

78. 8.—*Spring Garden.* A famous old resort in St. James's Park, London.

78. 23. —*We come now to a humor*, etc. In connection with this lecture on Addison should be read the chapter in *Henry Esmond* (Book II, Chapter XI) entitled *The famous Mr. Joseph Addison.*

78. 30. —*Famous article in the Edinburgh Review.* A reference to Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*, which appeared in 1843, just eight years before Thackeray's lecture on Addison.

79. 31.—*Goethe.* See note to **51**, 21.

80. 6.—*Brought their star and ribbon into discredit.* I. e. granted their favors too indiscriminately. The star and ribbon were emblems of high rank.

80. 11.—*Mr. Pinkethman.* An actor alluded to in the fourth number of the *Tatler* and in numbers **31**, 370, and 502 of the *Spectator.*

80. 12.—*Mr. Doggett.* Thomas Doggett (died 1721); a popular comic actor who is several times alluded to in the *Spectator.*

80. 14.—*Don Saltero.* John Salter, a popular coffee-house keeper and owner of a museum of curiosities, who is referred to by Steele in No. 34 of the *Tatler.*

80. 25.—*Tye-wig . . . . . full bottom.* The first, a wig tied at the back and thus brought to a point; the second, one which is allowed to flow over the shoulders.

80. 28.—*Salisbury,* or New Sarum; in Wiltshire, England, eighty miles southwest of London.

80. 29.—*Charterhouse.* A famous school and charitable foundation in London. The site was originally occupied by a Carthusian convent; after the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII, the place was ultimately bought by Thomas Sutton, who endowed the present foundation. Many famous Englishmen, including Thackeray himself, studied at Charterhouse.

81. 1.—*The Pigmies and the Cranes.* Addison's story in Latin verse of the annual battle between the Cranes and the Pigmies, a nation of dwarfs who lived, according to ancient mythology, on the banks of the Upper Nile. See note to **54**, 25.

81. 6.—*Lyæus.* "A surname of Bacchus; hence used for Wine": (New English Dict.).

81. 7.—*The Peace of Ryswick, in 1697,* marked the close of the so-called War of the Palatinate between Louis XIV of France and an alliance of other European states.

82. 2.—*Congées.* Ceremonious farewells.

82. 26.—*Wyche.* The letter alluded to was addressed "To Mr. Wyche, His Majesty's Resident at Hambourg, May, 1703."

82. 27.—"*Hoc.*" "Hock . . . . . The wine called in German *Hochheimer,* produced at Hochheim on the Main . . . ." (New English Dict.).

83. 1.—*Swift describes him.* There are numerous allusions to this friendship between Addison and Swift in the latter's *Journal to Stella.*

83. 15.—*Statius* (45-96 A. D.). A Roman poet, part of whose *Thebais* was translated by Pope.

83. 17.—*Haymarket.* A London street, which was used from 1664 to 1831 as a hay-market.

83. 21.—*Blenheim.* Fought August 13, 1704. In this battle the Duke defeated the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard. For a lively account of the engagement see *Henry Esmond,* Book II, Chapter IX.

83. 23.—*Lord Treasurer Godolphin* (c. 1635-1712). A favorite with Charles II, James II, and William. He was dismissed under Queen Anne in 1710.

85. 2.—*King of the Romans.* Joseph I of Austria, who was styled King of the Holy Roman Empire.

85. 28.—*The Coffee-house Senate.* Addison's friends at Button's coffee-house. Pope gives the following account of Addison's manner of living:

> "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me; it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."—Pope: *Spence's Anecdotes.*

85. 28.—*Divus.* I. e. *as divine.* This was the title which the Roman senate gave to some of the emperors.

86. 5.—*Fulham.* On the Thames, five miles southwest of St. Paul's in London.

86. 9.—*Splendid but dismal union.* In *Esmond* (Book II, Chapter XI) Thackeray calls the countess "a shrew and a vixen."

86. 14.—*Examiner . . . . Guardian . . . . Tatler. . . Spectator.* The titles of the well-known periodicals to which Addison contributed.

86. 23.—*Jeffreys* (1648-1689). Lord Chief Justice of England in 1683. He was noted for his cruelty, particularly in "The Bloody Assizes" which followed the unhappy uprising of the Duke of Monmouth against James II in 1685.

86. 30. *Breaking Priscian's head.* Priscian was a celebrated Latin grammarian of the fifth century A. D. To break Priscian's head means to make bad mistakes in Latin grammar.

87. 5.—*Addison wrote his papers . . . gayly.* Of this ease of composition Pope says:

> "Mr. Addison wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself; and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise which, God knows, is a very little matter after all."—Pope: *Spence's Anecdotes.*

89. 1.—*Grecian.* A coffee-house in the Strand, London, much frequented by the literary men of the early eighteenth century.

89. 1.—*The Devil.* A famous old London tavern, which had been popular with literary men since the reign of James I.

89. 1.—*'Change.* The court around which the London Exchange was built.

89. 7.—*To damn . . with faint praise.* A line from Pope's famous verses on Addison in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,* quoted on pp. 147-8.

89. 13.—*Sir Roger de Coverley.* A country gentleman; the most famous of the characters which Addison developed in the *Spectator* papers.

89. 17.—*À propos de bottes.* "Concerning flasks;" i. e. not to the point. Addison's account of Sir Roger's speech follow:

> "The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eyes, and to keep up his credit in the country." *Spectator,* No. 122.

89. 19.—*Doll Tearsheet.* A woman of the streets in Shakspere's *King Henry IV,* Part II. An allusion here to *Spectator,* No. 410, by Steele.

89. 20.—*Temple Garden.* The garden surrounding the Temple in London. See note to **38, 19.**

89. 22.—*Game-preserver.* The interest taken by country gentlemen in the preservation of game on their estates has often been the subject for satire.

90. 14.—"*Soon as the evening shades prevail.*" Written for the *Spectator* for August 23, 1712 (No. 465), and widely known as a hymn. The first stanza is not quoted.

STEELE

92. 21.—*Swift's History.* Swift's *The History of the last four years of Queen Anne*, in four volumes, was not published until 1758. Swift regarded this as his greatest work, and took great care with its composition.

92. 25.—*Walpole.* Sir Robert, Earl of Orford (1676-1745); English statesman; Prime Minister from 1715 to 1717 and from 1721 to 1742. Although, to accomplish great diplomatic ends, he resorted to open bribery, he successfully carried out his policies of maintaining peace in England, and of creating a sound financial system.

93. 3.—*The Pretender.* James Stuart, son of James II of England, who claimed the throne after the death of his father in 1701. He was born in 1688 and died in Rome in 1766. He was called the "Old Pretender" to distinguish him from his son, Charles Edward, "The Young Pretender."

93. 4.—*Copious archdeacon.* William Coxe (1747-1828), whose *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*, etc. (3 volumes) appeared in 1818-9.

93. 14.—*Churchill.* Surname of the Duke of Marlborough.

93. 17.—*Mnemosyne.* In Greek mythology, mother of the nine Muses and goddess of memory.

93. 23.—*Turpin.* Richard, or Dick Turpin was a notorious highwayman and chief of a band of robbers. He was finally captured and executed at York—not at Newgate—in 1739.

93. 23.—*His dying speech.* When the body of an eighteenth century criminal was scarce cold, the streets were filled with men and women selling pretended confessions of the outlaw and ballad stories of his deeds.

93. 23.—*Newgate.* A prison in London near the end of Newgate Street. It was partially burned in 1780 at the time of the Lord Gordon uprising, an account of which is given in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, but was rebuilt two years later.

93. 27.—*Take the side of the Dons.* I. e. side with the "loose characters" like Don Juan, the libertine hero of Byron's poem of that name.

94. 4.—*Doctor Smollett* (1721-1771). An English novelist. See Thackeray's fifth lecture.

94. 22.—*Eton.* This famous English school on the bank of the Thames twenty-one miles from London, was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. A large number of great Englishmen have studied here.

94. 23.—*Will Wimble.* A somewhat eccentric character in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers of the *Spectator*.

94. 26.—*Bath.* An English health resort in Somersetshire about ninety miles from London.

94. 29.—*Captain Macheath.* See note to **39**, 31. Here the name is used for highwaymen in general.

94. 31.—*Boniface.* A stock name for an innkeeper.

95. 4.—*Exeter Fly.* The name of the stage-coach which made the run from London to Exeter, about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of London.

95. 10.—*Ramillies . . Malplaquet.* See note to *Marlborough*, **66**, 28. Thackeray gives an account of these famous battles in *Henry Esmond*, Book II, Chapter XII, and Book III, Chapter I.

95. 31.—*Staines.* A town in Middlesex, England, about nineteen miles southwest of London.

96. 5.—*Coram latronibus.* In the presence of robbers.

96. 9.—*A nosegay in his hand . . . . . carriage without springs.* Condemned prisoners on their way to the gallows carried nosegays. The carriage here alluded to is, of course, the cart in which the prisoner rode.

96. 13.—*Tyburn* was previous to 1783 the great place of public execution for Middlesex. The site is just north of the *Marble Arch*, the northeast entrance to Hyde Park.

96. 22.—*Swift laughed at him.* At the end of Chapter III of his *Directions to Servants.*

96. 23.—*Holland.* Coarse, unbleached linen goods.

97. 11. *Lord Mohun* (1675-1712). A desperate and unprincipled nobleman who killed several men in duels. He appears as a prominent character in *Henry Esmond.*

97. 17.—*Mrs. Bracegirdle.* See note to **69**, 15. The title *Mrs.* was applied at this time to unmarried as well as to married women.

97. 23.—*Drury Lane.* A London street running northwest from the Strand; famous for its theater, which was first opened in 1663.

99. 1.—*Leicester Fields.* Now Leicester Square; in Queen Anne's time the open fields outside the city proper where duels were frequently fought.

99. 15.—*Turning the edge from him*, etc. An indication that the prisoner at the bar had not yet been found guilty. After the court had found the accused guilty, the edge of the axe was turned toward him.

99. 30.—*Bagnio in Long Acre.* Long Acre runs into Drury Lane from the west and is not far from Leicester Square. *The Bagnio* was a bath-house usually kept by a surgeon. In *Henry Esmond* (Book I, Chapter XIV) the Viscount Castlewood is carried after his fatal duel with Lord Mohun "to one Mr. Aimes, a surgeon, in Long Acre, who kept a bath." Later in the same chapter the place is alluded to specifically as a "bagnio."

100. 18.—*Waverley novels.* The first of these novels by Scott, *Waverley*, appeared in 1814.

100. 20.—*Miss Porters.* The two sisters, Anna Maria Porter (1780-1832), and Jane Porter (1776-1850), were novelists. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *Scottish Chiefs* (1809) by Jane Porter are still read.

100. 20.—*Anne of Swansea.* The pen-name of Anne Hatton, a sister of the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, and the equally famous actor, John Kemble. She wrote in the early part of the nineteenth century a series of long novels which have now been entirely forgotten.

100. 21.—*Mrs. Radcliffe* (1764-1823). A writer of stories of mystery and adventure, of which the most famous is *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794).

100. 25.—*Mrs. Manley* (1663 - 1724). A writer of novels, plays, and satires, who was associated to some extent in her literary work with Swift. Because of the scandal in her principal work, *The New Atalantis*, she was arrested. The adjective "delectable" is used ironically.

100. 27.—*Tom Durfey.* Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723); a writer of plays and verse. His best known work is a collection of coarse ballads entitled *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

100. 27. —*Tom Brown* (1663-1704). A dissipated writer of coarse satires.

100. 27.—*Ned Ward* (c.1660-1731). An inn-keeper and writer of witty but coarse sketches. *The London Spy* appeared 1698-1700.

102. 1.—*Q.* Stands for *querist.*

102. 27.—*Lille.* The capital of French Flanders, captured by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough in 1708. Thackeray gives an account of this famous siege in *Henry Esmond*, Book II, Chapter XIV.

102. 28.—*Mr. Hill.* Aaron Hill (1685-1750), a writer of tragedies and operas.

103. 4.—*Boyne.* See note to **40**, 20.

103. 8.—*Charterhouse.* See note to **80**, 29.

103. 10.—*James, Duke of Ormond* (1665-1745). A Tory Irish statesman. Steele's uncle, Henry Gascoigne, acted as his private secretary.

104. 9.—*Merton.* An Oxford College founded in 1264 by the Bishop of Rochester.

104. 16.—"*Tender Husband*" . . "*Conscious Lovers.*" Two comedies by Steele; the first appeared in 1705; the second, in 1722.

104. 26. —*Head boy.* Dickens alludes similarly through the mouth of David Copperfield (Chapter XVIII) to the head boy as "a mighty creature, dwelling afar off, whose giddy height is unattainable."

105. 10.—*Gownboy.* A scholar. The boys on the foundation, or endowment, at Charterhouse charity school wore gowns.

105. 17.—*Fagged.* I. e. performed menial service. In some of the old English schools the junior students were forced to wait on the upperclassmen. A lively account of this fagging system may be found in Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days* (1856).

107. 1.—*Garraway's.* A famous coffee-house in Exchange Alley, Cornhill, London.

107. 6. —*The Rose.* A tavern in Russell street, Covent Garden, London.

107. 7. —*Sir Plume and Mr. Diver.* Fictitious names for men about town.

107. 15.—*Haymarket.* See note to **83**, 17.

107. 17. —*Classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk.* Addison, whose favorite walk at Magdalen (pronounced *Maudlin*) College, Oxford, is now called "Addison's Walk."

108. 3.—*Immortal William.* King William III of England.

108. 20. —*The "Lying Lover,"* or *The Ladies' Friendship*, was a weak moral comedy, which Steele declared in his *Apology* (1714) to have been "damned for its Piety."

109. 13.—*The accession of George I.* George I, who came to the throne at the

death of Anne in 1714, was supported by Steele, whereas Bolingbroke and Swift were Tories and hence of the Opposition.

111. 5. *Of one woman.* The allusion is to Lady Elizabeth Hastings; the quotation, from *Tatler* No. 49. Thackeray quotes again from this number in *Esmond*, Book II, Chapter XV.

111. 28.—*Walpole.* Horace, Earl of Orford (1717-1797); an English politician and author, best known by his *Letters* and by his romance, *The Castle of Otranto.*

113. 6.—*Hampton.* A village fourteen miles southwest of London.

115. 8. —*Chancery Lane.* A street off Fleet Street, where the law-courts are situated. Steele's allies are, of course, bailiffs.

115. 10.—*Dr. Hoadly* (1711-1776). Son of Bishop Benjamin Hoadly. The quotation is from John Nichols' *Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele* (Lond. 1809) vol. II. p. 508, note.

116. 2. —*Mr. Joseph Miller* (1684-1738). An actor who became known as the reputed author of *Joe Miller's Jests*, a compilation of jokes which appeared a year after his death.

116. 28.—*Gownsmen.* University men.

116. 31.—*Sponging-houses.* Bailiffs' houses, where debtors were temporarily detained until they either settled with their creditors or were taken to jail.

117. 17. —*Damn with faint praise.* An allusion to Addison; see note to **89**, 7.

117. 26. —*Terrible lines of Swift.* From Swift's *The Day of Judgment*, found among his Mss. after his death, and sent by Lord Chesterfield to Voltaire in a letter dated August 27, 1752.

118. 13.—*Bit.* Hoaxed; cheated; in modern slang, "stung."

119. 14.—*In the Tatler. Tatler* No. 181. Thackeray has quoted this story again, almost in Steele's words, in *Henry Esmond*, Book I, Chapter VI.

121. 7.—*Love their love with an A.* An old game in which the players are successively called upon to supply impromptu, under penalty of a forfeit, qualifying words beginning with a given letter.

122. 5.—*Lord Sparkish*, etc. Characters in Swift's *Polite Conversation* (written 1731; published 1738).

122. 11. —*Barmecide's.* A story from the *Arabian Nights* of a rich prince who in jest seated a hungry beggar at a table which contained only empty dishes. Hence, a Barmecide meal is an imaginary one.

124. 20.—*Dead men . . . . . empty bottles.* The expression occurs in this sense in an old drinking song, *Down among the Dead Men*, written early in the eighteenth century and still popular.

125. 9.—*Beignets d' abricot.* Apricot fritters.

125. 10.—*Du monde!* In good society.

125. 14.—*White's Chocolate House.* A club established in 1698 in a chocolate-house in St. James's Street; much frequented by literary men.

125. 30.—*Tipperary.* A county in the province of Munster, Ireland.

125. 33. —*Cain.* See *Genesis*, **4**, 15: "And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

127. 27.—*Let us think gently*, etc. To this picture of Steele add that which Thackeray has given us in *Henry Esmond*, especially in Book II, Chapter XV.

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE

128. 7.—*Horace.* See note to **75**, 6.

128. 9.—*Spielhaus.* A gaming resort.

128. 12.—*Epicurean master.* I. e. Horace; see note to **44**, 7.

128. 13.—*Batavian Chloe.* Dutch sweet-heart.

128. 14.—*Whitehall.* The street in London in which stood the famous royal palace where Charles I was executed.

128. 14.—*Busby of the Rod.* See note to **66**, 11.

128. 19.—*The Hind and the Panther.* A satirical allegory written in defence of the Roman Catholic Church after the accession of James II.

129. 7. —*Alcaics.* Alcæus was a Greek lyric poet who flourished in the sixth century B. C. He was the originator of the peculiar form of metre which bears his name.

129. 15.—*Versailles.* A suburb of Paris, where the royal palace built by Louis XVI is situated.

130. 5.—*Mahomet's coffin.* An allusion to the tradition that the coffin of Mahomet (570-632), the founder of Mohammedanism, was suspended in mid-air.

130. 15.—*Oxford,* Robert Harley, Earl of (1661-1724); an English Tory statesman and a patron of literary men.

130. 18.—*Spence,* Joseph (1699-1768); an English ecclesiastic; author of *Anecdotes* (published 1820), which contains stories of famous eighteenth century characters with whom Spence was acquainted.

131. 3.—*Owner of the Sabine farm.* Horace, who alluded frequently in his lyrics to his farm in the Sabine mountains.

131. 4. —*Verses addressed to Halifax.* For *Halifax* see note to **67**, 21. The poem in which these verses occur is entitled *To the Honourable Charles Montague.* The first of the two stanzas appeared in a variation of the original printed 1692 (Mitford's edition, v. 1, p. 48). Thackeray has not quoted the verses correctly; the most considerable change from the original which he has made is to transpose the position of the last two verses of each stanza; in the original the rhyme scheme for both stanzas is *abab.* Thackeray's phraseology is, moreover, considerably different.

131. 21.—*Thetis.* In Greek mythology a sea-goddess, the mother of Achilles.

131. 27.—*Lydia.* A girl who appears in many of Horace's lyrics.

131. 30. —*Thomas Moore* (1779-1852). An Irish poet, famous for his *Irish Melodies* and for his poem, *Lalla Rookh.*

132. 4. "*She sighed, she smiled.*" The last four stanzas from *The Garland.*

132. 21. —"*Deus sit propitius huic potatori.*" "May the Lord be merciful to this drinker."

132. 22. *Walter de Mapes* (c 1150-c 1196). A poet, satirist, churchman, and politician, who is supposed by some critics to have composed many of the legends of King Arthur. The line quoted is from a Latin poem ascribed to Mapes which was afterwards used as a drinking song.

133. 4.—*Craggs.* James Craggs, the Younger (1686-1721); politician and friend of Addison's.

133. 4.—*South Sea Stock.* See note to **40**, 26.

133. 20.—*Brobdingnag.* See note to **54**, 11.

133. 31.—*Don Quixote.* The hero of the famous Spanish satiric romance by Cervantes (1547-1616). *Sancho;* Don Quixote's squire.

134. 26.—*Cheapside.* An old street in London, originally the *chepe*, or *market* place.

135. 17.—*Mr. Gay's "Fables."* Written in 1727 and dedicated "To his Highness William, Duke of Cumberland," etc. William Augustus (1721-1765), *Duke of Cumberland,* was the third son of George II. The adjective "amiable" is, of course, ironic.

135. 19.—*Dettingen.* At Dettingen, in Bavaria, on June 27, 1734, George II of England, commanding an allied army, defeated a larger French force.

135. 19.—*Culloden.* The Duke of Cumberland defeated the Young Pretender, Charles Stuart, at Culloden in Scotland, April 16, 1746.

135. 30.—*Minikin.* "(Archaic). Of small size or delicate form." (Standard Dict.).

136. 4.—*Bird-organ.* "A small barrel-organ for teaching birds to sing." (Standard Dict.).

136. 9.—*Naples.* Olive-oil.

136. 10.—*Bergamot.* Oil from the orange tree; used as perfumery.

136. 11.—*Philips,* Ambrose (1671-1749); a writer of pastorals. The nickname "Namby-pamby," which his contemporaries applied to him, has come to be synonymous of anything weakly sentimental and insipid.

136. 19.—*Savoyard.* From Savoy, an European country on the borders of France and Italy.

136. 27.—*Arbuthnot,* John (1667-1735); a Scottish physician and writer resident in London.

137. 1.—*Rubini* (1795-1854). A famous Italian tenor, who appeared frequently in London.

137. 1.—"*Qu'il avait,*" etc. "That he had tears in his voice."

137. 4.—*In the "Beggar's Opera" and in its wearisome continuation.* The *Beggar's Opera* (1728) was immensely popular; its continuation, *Polly,* was so thinly veiled in its satire that the Lord Chamberlain ordered its withdrawal from the stage; nevertheless, its sale brought Gay a good sum.

138. 18.—*Great Mr. Pope . . . . . thought proper to steal it.* A look into Pope's correspondence (edited by Bowles [1806] vol. 8, pp. 185-191 and 427-432; or by Elwin and Courthope [1871-89] vol. 10, pp. 396-400) will show that Pope did not actually steal this story from Gay. In the *Correspondence* three versions of the tale will be found,—the first in a letter from Pope to Miss Blount, August 6, 1718; the second in a letter from Gay to Fortescue, August 9, 1718—three days later, it will be observed, than the first—; and the third in a letter from Pope to Lady Montague, September 1, 1718. The first two accounts are alike; the third, the one which Thackeray quotes, varies slightly in phraseology. Thackeray was evidently unaware that Pope's first letter preceded Gay's.

138. 27.—*The "Dunciad."* The famous satirical poem (1728) which Pope directed against his literary enemies.

138. 28.—*The "Rape of the Lock."* A long mock-heroic poem written in 1712.

140. 1.—*Ariosto* (1474-1533). An Italian poet; author of the great epic poem, *Orlando Furioso* (1516).

140. 2.—*The Cid.* The national hero of Spain, who lived in the eleventh century. He is the chief figure in Spanish ballad literature, and appears in the famous tragi-comedy, *Le Cid* (1636), of the French dramatist, Corneille, as the gallant and war-like lover of *Chimène*, daughter of Don Gomez, the enemy of the Cid.

140. 3.—*Armida.* A sorceress in the epic poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*, of the Italian poet Tasso (1544-1595). She had an enchanted garden, wherein she detained Rinaldo and other Christian warriors and lulled them into forgetting their vows, very much as Calypso detained Ulysses, the hero of the *Odyssey*, on the island of Ogygia.

140. 25.—*Mr. Curll.* Edmund Curll (1675-1747); an unscrupulous London bookseller, who was included in the *Dunciad* after a quarrel with its author. Thackeray's allusion to him as "the *congenial* Mr. Curll" is characteristically ironic.

141. 16.—*À deux fins.* For two ends, or purposes.

141. 18.—*Réchauffé.* Warmed over; but see note to **138**, 18.

141. 25.—*Apprêté.* Touched up.

142. 2.—*Peterborough.* See note to **61**, 15.

142. 8.—*Cachet;* "A seal; hence, a distinctive mark; stamp of individuality." (Standard Dict.).

143. 3.—*White's.* White's Chocolate House; see note to **125**, 14.

143. 4.—*"The Patriot King."* A pamphlet by Bolingbroke written in 1738.

143. 8.—*Barcelona.* This Spanish city was captured by Peterborough in 1705.

144. 17.—*Budgell, Tickell, Philips, Carey.* Eustace Budgell (1686-1737) was a minor poet and contributor to the *Spectator*. For Tickell see note to **66**, 14. For Philips see note to **136**, 11. Henry Carey (died 1743) was a minor poet and musical composer, best known for his ballad, *Sally in our Alley*.

144. 19.—*Duroc*, Gérard, Duke of Friuli (1772-1813); a favorite general of Napoleon's, killed on the retreat from Bautzen.

144. 19.—*Hardy*, Sir Thomas (1769-1839) was with Nelson at the great admiral's death at Trafalgar in 1805.

144. 24.—*Spadille and manille.* In the old Spanish card games of ombre and quadrille, respectively the ace of spades and the next to the highest card in the deck. The popular eighteenth century game of ombre is alluded to in the *Rape of the Lock*.

144. 26.—*Pope formed part of King Joseph's court.* King Joseph is, of course, Joseph Addison. See the quotation from Spence's *Anecdotes* in the note to **85**, 28.

145. 3.—*Wycherley*, William (1640?-1715); an English dramatist.

145. 31.—*The best satire.* The satire on Addison from Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, quoted on p. **147**.

146. 16.—*Bernadotte* (1764-1844). At one time made marshal of France by Napoleon, he later fought against the Emperor. He had been elected by the

Swedish Diet heir to the throne, and in 1818 at the death of Charles XIII he became Charles XIV.

148. 21.—*Saint Sebastian.* A Roman soldier who suffered martyrdom in the fourth century for professing Christianity. He is represented in art as bound to a tree and pierced with arrows.

148. 25.—*How a Christian could die.* Addison's dying words to his stepson were, "See how a Christian dies."

148. 32.—*Godolphin.* See note to **83**, 23.

149. 11.—*Thomson*, James (1700-1748); author of *The Seasons*, a poem which had considerable influence.

149. 20.—*Twickenham.* A London suburb to which Pope retired in 1718. The name appears in one of the titles by which he was known among his literary opponents, "The Wicked Wasp of Twickenham."

149. 24.—*Atterbury*, Francis, Bishop of Rochester (1662-1732); a famous English divine. He figures in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, Book I, Chapter XIV.

150. 5.—*Garth*, Sir Samuel (1661-1719); an English physician and poet. His best known poem is *The Dispensary* (1699).

150. 7.—*Codrington*, Colonel Christopher (1668-1710); general of King William III's and friend of Garth's.

150. 11. —*Alcibiades* (450-404 B. C.); a brilliant Athenian soldier and politician, who was, like Bolingbroke, exiled from his native city.

150. 12.—*Oxford.* See note to **130**, 15.

150. 18.—*Jervas*, Charles (1675-1739); an Irish portrait painter; a friend of Pope's.

150. 19. —*Richardson*, Jonathan (1665-1745); a painter friend of Pope's.

150. 23.—*Kneller*, Sir Godfrey (1646-1723); a German portrait painter who settled in London and became well known in England and France as a court painter.

153. 17.—*The famous Greek picture.* The painting by the Greek artist, Timanthes (c. 400 B. C.), representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia. In this picture Agamemnon, who has been forced by the oracle to sacrifice his daughter, is shown with his face covered.

154. 25.—*Cibber*, Colley (1671-1757); an English actor, dramatist, and theatrical manager; he was made poet-laureate in 1730. He quarreled with Pope, who made him the hero of the second edition of the *Dunciad*.

155. 15.—*Tibbald.* Lewis Theobald — pronounced *Tibbald* — (1688 - 1744); famous as one of the best of the earlier Shaksperian commentators and editors. His edition of Shakspere appeared in 1734 and was much superior to Pope's edition of 1725, which Theobald had severely criticized. This criticism Pope took so to heart that he quarreled bitterly with Theobald and made him the hero of the first edition of the *Dunciad*.

155. 15.—*Welsted*, Leonard (1688-1747); a minor satirist who also figures in the *Dunciad*.

155. 17.—*Grub Street.* See note to **69**, 9.

155. 30.—*Petty France.* A London street on which the house of Milton stood until its destruction in 1877.

155. 31.—*Budge Row.* On the north side of the Thames running east and west between the London and the Southwark bridges. It was so called from its being filled with the shops of the makers of budge, lamb-skin prepared to resemble fur.

157. 13.—*As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed.* In Greek mythology Argus was a demi-god with a hundred eyes, who was charged by Hera to guard Io, a mistress of Zeus'. Hermes rescued the girl by putting the monster to sleep with his wand and then slaying it.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING

159. 15.—*Jonathan Wild* (1682?-1725); a famous English detective and later a criminal, who was executed for house-breaking. The hero of Fielding's *History of Jonathan Wild, the Great* (1743).

160. 4.—"*Goody Two Shoes.*" A popular nursery tale which appeared in 1765, and is supposed to have been written by Goldsmith.

160. 12.—*Dr. Harrison.* A character in Fielding's novel, *Amelia* (1751).

160. 21.—*Jack Sheppard* (1702-1724); an English highwayman and jail-breaker who was hanged at Tyburn.

160. 25. "*Rake's Progress.*" A series of moral pictures by Hogarth, depicting the downfall of a rich young profligate.

160. 29.—*Draco.* A Greek legislator, who in 621 B. C. framed the first Athenian code of laws; they were so severe that the adjective *Draconian* has come to be applied to all unmerciful legislation.

161. 17.—*William the Conqueror.* William of Normandy (1027-1087), who became King William I of England by defeating Harold at Hastings, England, in 1066.

162. 6.—*Andromeda.* In Greek mythology the daughter of Cepheus, King of the Ethiopians. She was chained to a rock as a sacrifice to a sea-monster, but was rescued by the hero Perseus, who afterwards married her.

162. 7.—*Judith . . . . . Holofernes.* Judith was the heroine of the book of *Judith* in the *Apocrypha*, who rescued her nation by beheading Holofernes, King of the Assyrians, while he slept. This dramatic tale has been very popular with writers and painters.

162. 19.—*The Rose.* See note to **107**, 6.

162. 29.—*Tyburn.* See note to **96**, 13.

163. 12.—"*Industry and Idleness.*" A series of plates engraved in 1747. The story of the good apprentice who became Lord Mayor, and of the bad apprentice who was hanged at Tyburn was a favorite with English moralists of this and of earlier times. Note the tag-names which Hogarth has given his characters.

163. 16.—*Whittington,* Sir Richard (1358?-1423); he began life as a poor boy with no property but a cat —so the story goes—but because of his industry and virtue he was three times elected Lord Mayor of London, and became,

accordingly, the Abraham Lincoln of the London small boy. It will be observed that Hogarth's "industrious apprentice" follows Whittington's example with commendable exactness.

163. 16.—*The "London 'Prentice"* is a didactic ballad which, in Plate I of the series, the "industrious apprentice" has hanging near him as a guide to a successful career.

163. 17.—*Moll Flanders.* A popular thief and adventuress of the time of Charles II, who became the heroine of ballad story, and who figures in Defoe's novel, *Moll Flanders* (1722). Ballad stories of her deeds helped to fill out the Diamond Dick literature of the eighteenth century.

163. 20.—*"Halfpenny-under-the-hat."* A game of chance; probably the same as *hustle-cap*, a game in which small coins are tossed in a cap or hat.

163. 27.—*Marrow-bones and cleavers.* The music produced in honor of the happy young couple by the butchers' apprentices of the neighborhood.

164. 3.—*Chuck-farthing.* A game like "pitch-penny."

164. 13.—*The Companies of London march in the august procession.* On the annual Lord Mayor's Day the trade guilds of London, from whose membership the magistrate had been chosen, marched in procession to the guild hall, dressed in full livery, each company drawing the pageant or float emblematic of its trade.

164. 14.—*Trainbands.* I. e. "trained bands;" the drill organizations of the city.

165. 1.—*Marble arch.* See note to **96**, 13.

165. 4.—*Tyburnia.* A fashionable quarter of West London lying north of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park on the site of the old place of execution. The name *Tyburn* is derived from the two *burns* or brooks which once united near this place.

165. 17.—*Dick Turpin.* See note to **93**, 23.

165. 17.—*Squire Western.* A character in Fielding's *Tom Jones.*

165. 19.—*Hercules Pillars.* A tavern; the original Pillars of Hercules are two hills on opposite sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, which Hercules is said in Greek legend to have torn apart.

165. 31. *–Hogarth drew him.* A pun on the word. English criminals were at one time often *drawn* to the gallows on hurdles.

166. 14.—*Bridewell.* From St. Bride's Well. Originally a hospital for the poor in London; later a house of correction. Hogarth has drawn a picture of the place in Plate IV of *The Harlot's Progress* (1723).

166. 18.—*Walpole.* See note to **92**, 25.

166. 25.—*Johnny Cope.* Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Scotland in the Jacobite uprising of 1745, was surprised by the Scotch under the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, at Preston Pans, September 21, 1745, and forced to retreat. His retreat gave rise to the Scottish popular song which contains the derisive line:

"Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye waukin yet?"

166. 25.—*Culloden.* See note to **135**, 19.

166. 28.—*Parson Adams.* A famous character in Fielding's novel, *Joseph Andrews* (1742).

166. 29.—*The Salisbury Fly.* The coach running to Salisbury about seventy-five miles southwest of London. Hogarth has given us a picture of it in his engraving *Night*; here it is labelled "The Salisbury Flying Coach."

166. 30. —*Old Angel.* The name given the tavern in Hogarth's *The Country Inn-yard.*

167. 4.—*He may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker.* I. e. he may have ridden one of the leading horses of the coach, while Humphrey Clinker rode one of the rear horses. Humphrey Clinker is a character in Smollett's *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* (1771), who began his career as a ragged postilion.

167. 6.—*Jack of the Centurion.* The sailor from the *Centurion* who appears on top of the stage-coach in Hogarth's *The Country Inn-Yard.*

167. 8.—*Jack Hatchway.* A naval officer in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle.*

167. 9.—*Lismahago.* A Scotch naval officer in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker.* Both "it's" in this sentence refer, of course, to Jack of the *Centurion.*

167. 15.—*Black-legs.* Professional swindlers and cheats.

167. 16.—*Garrick,* David (1717-1779); a celebrated English tragedian, famous for his acting of characters from Shakspere. His favorite rôle was King Richard III.

167. 17.—*Macheath and Polly.* See notes to **39**, 31 and **137**, 4.

167. 22.—*Calais Gate.* Calais, on the north coast of France, was for centuries a bone of contention between France and England. In Hogarth's time it was in the hands of the French.

167. 23. —*Roderick Random.* The hero of Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748). *Monsieur de Strap* was his devoted follower.

167. 25.—*Dettingen.* See note to **135**, 19.

167. 28.—*Broughton the Boxer* (1705-1789); the first great English boxer, who conducted a boxing school and was a favorite in eighteenth century polite society. He appears in Hogarth's picture, *March to Finchley.*

167. 28.—*Sarah Malcolm* was executed in 1733 for three murders. Hogarth painted her in Newgate.

167. 29.—*Simon Lovat the traitor.* Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat (1726-1782); a Highland chief who supported the Young Pretender, but afterwards being pardoned, entered the government service. He was a great friend of Hogarth's, who painted an excellent portrait of him.

167. 29. —*John Wilkes* (1727-1797); a popular English agitator who attacked the government in his periodical, *The North Briton;* in the famous No. 45 (published April 23, 1763) he criticized the king's message to Parliament and as a result was imprisoned. He was so popular that after having been expelled from Parliament, he was repeatedly returned to the House of Commons and was elected Lord Mayor of London.

168. 7.—*Queen Caroline.* (1683-1737) Wife of George II of England. She is a prominent character in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian.*

168. 21.—*Wooden shoes.* See note to **50**, 4.

168. 26.—*Correggio* (1494-1534). A great Italian painter, famous for the color and harmony of his work.

168. 26.—*The Caracci.* Agostino Caracci (1558-1602), Annibale Caracci (1560-1609), and Ludovico Caracci (1555-1619) were noted Italian painters and engravers. The first two were brothers; the last, a cousin.

169. 5.—*Handel,* George Frederick (1685-1759); a noted German musician and composer who spent some years in England. He had a rival, now almost forgotten, in the Italian composer, Bononcini, and the following lines were written about their contending claims; the last two are sometimes attributed to Swift:

> "Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

169. 16.—*Liston,* John (1776? -1846); a celebrated comic actor, who was, however, but a mediocre tragedian.

169. 22.—*Churchill,* Charles (1731-1764); a minor poet and friend of John Wilkes'; he mingled in the political controversies of which his friend was the centre and barely escaped imprisonment for his participation in the printing of No. 45 of *The North Briton.*

170. 20.—*Mr. Pickwick.* The immortal leader of the Pickwick Club in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* (1836-7).

170. 22.—*Gravesend.* A popular resort on the Thames about twenty miles east of London. *Rochester* and *Sheerness* are ports at the mouth of the Thames.

170. 30.—*Billingsgate.* See note to **75, 4.**

171. 1.—"*Caracatura.*" A caricature or burlesque drawing.

171. 13.—*Hop-scotch.* A game still popular in most parts of America. It is played by the participants' hopping on one foot and kicking a small stone or block of wood from the various compartments of a rectangular figure drawn on the ground.

172. 24.—*The great Scotch novelist.* Sir Walter Scott.

173. 17.—*Mr. Morgan.* A surgeon in *Roderick Random.*

173. 18.—*Dr. Caius.* A comical French physician in Shakspere's *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

173. 20.—*Major Dalgetty.* A brave officer in Scott's *Legend of Montrose.*

173. 25.—*Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble.* Characters in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker.*

173. 29.—*Bladud's Well.* Bladud was a legendary king of England, father of King Lear, who founded the city of Bath and dedicated the hot springs there to the goddess Minerva.

174. 5.—*Tom Jones.* The hero of Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones* (1749).

174. 6.—*Captain Booth.* A leading character in Fielding's novel, *Amelia* (1751).

175. 25.—*Oldfields.* Anne Oldfield (1683-1730); a popular and successful English actress.

175. 26.—*Bracegirdles.* See note to **69**, 15.

177. 30.—"*Pamela.*" The first of Samuel Richardson's novels (1740).

178. 11.—*Bohea.* Black tea.

178. 13.—*Mohock.* Usually spelled Mohawk; the name given to a member of the band of lawless young men who in the early eighteenth century committed depredations at night in the streets of London.

178. 14.—*The ladies of his court.* The openly sentimental and frankly didactic moral tone of Richardson's novels made him immensely popular with women.

179. 4.—*Johnson would not sit down with him.* According to Boswell Dr. Johnson called Fielding "a barren rascal," and remarked that "there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all *Tom Jones.*"

179. 7.—*Gibbon,* Edward (1737-1794); a celebrated English historian; author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1772—). His panegyric of Fielding occurs in his *Miscellaneous Works* I, 4.

179. 15.—*Escurial.* The royal residence and mausoleum of the Spanish kings, built in the sixteenth century by Philip II.

179. 29.—*Charles Lamb* (1775-1834). English essayist; author of *Essays of Elia.*

180. 1.—*Blifil . . . . Lady Bellaston . . . . . Sophia . . . . Parson Thwackum . . . Miss Seagrim.* Characters in *Tom Jones.*

180. 30.—*Charles and Joseph Surface.* Characters in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal.*

182. 10.—*Colonel Bath.* A character in Fielding's *Amelia.*

182. 11.—*Colonel Gardiner* (1688-1745); a brave English officer, who was wounded at Ramillies and killed after a gallant fight at the battle of Preston Pans in Scotland.

182. 11.—*Duke of Cumberland.* See note to **135**, 17.

182. 29.—*Coup de main.* Literally "a blow of the hand;" hence, any unexpected and surprising move.

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH

185. 23. -*Mullingar.* In the county of West Meath in the center of Ireland, about fifty miles northwest of Dublin.

185. 25. -*Carrickfergus.* An Irish sea-port a few miles north of Belfast.

186. 2.—*Elvington.* A village in Yorkshire, England.

186. 7.—*Trim . . . Le Fevre . . . . Uncle Toby.* Characters in *Tristram Shandy.* A *montero* is a huntsman's cap with wide flaps; a *roquelaure* is a short cloak.

186. 11.—*Ramillies . . . . Malplaquet.* See note to **95**, 10.

186. 25.—*Sutton.* A village a few miles north of York.

186. 26.—*Stillington.* A parish next to Sutton.

188. 5.—*Sum mortaliter in amore.* "I am 'dead in love'."

188. 10.—*Arroser.* To besprinkle.

188. 14.—*Shandean.* (Three syllables); an allusion to *Tristram Shandy.*

188. 15.—*Yorick.* A character in *Tristram Shandy*; the name under which Sterne wrote the *Sentimental Journey.* He makes use of the name in the letter which follows. For its origin see *Hamlet* V, 1.

188. 17.—*Rabelais,* François (1483? -1553); a French satirist whose writings are characterized by grotesqueness and coarse humor. He was for a time curé of *Meudon,* a small town near Paris. Both Swift and Sterne have for their coarseness been styled "The English Rabelais."

188. 28.—*Lord Bathurst.* Allen Apsley, Earl of Bathurst (1684-1775); a Tory opponent of Walpole's and a patron of literary men.

190. 15.—*Indiaman.* A ship plying between England and India.

190. 16.—*Deal.* A sea-port in Kent, England.

191. 6.—*Scarron his Maintenon.* Paul Scarron (1610-1660), a French writer of humorous and satiric burlesque poems, married Françoise D'Aubigné (1635-1719) in 1652. After his death his widow, known then as Madame de Maintenon, became a member of the royal household of Louis XIV, over whom she exercised an almost boundless influence, and whom she at length secretly married.

191. 7.—*Waller his Saccharissa.* Edmund Waller (1605-1687); a lyric poet who was very popular in his own day; he was a favorite of Oliver Cromwell's. *Saccharissa* was the name which Waller applied to Lady Dorothy Sydney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, in poems which he addressed to her.

191. 15.—*Lady P———.* Lady Percy, daughter of Lord Bute.

191. 28.—"*Sentimental Journey.*" *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*; written in 1768 after a visit to those countries.

192. 2.—*Pluto.* In classical mythology the ruler of Hades, the infernal regions.

192. 31.—*Des chansons grivoises.* Jolly songs.

194. 6.—*Désobligeante.* Disobliging. The carriage is so called because there is in it room only for one.

194. 16.—*Le tour est fait.* The feat is accomplished.

194. 16.—*Paillasse.* Stock name for a clown.

194. 29.—*Franciscan.* A member of an order of mendicant friars named for their founder, St. Francis of Assisi.

195. 4.—*Monsieur de Soubise.* Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise (1715-1787); a French general and courtier who was defeated November 5, 1757, at Rossbach. He insisted, even while on the march, upon having within his camp every luxury possible.

197. 34.—"*Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.*" "Long live joy; away with sorrow."

198. 14.—*Double entendre.* Double meaning; with reference to a statement which is apparently innocent, but which contains an indecent suggestion.

198. 16.—*Satyr.* In Greek mythology demi-gods, half man and half goat, who attended Bacchus.

198. 22.—"*David Copperfield.*" Charles Dickens's greatest novel, written in 1849-50.

198. 23.—*"Jeté sur cette boule,"* etc. A rough translation of the poem follows:

Hurled upon this globe,
Puny, wretched, suffering;
Smothered in the throng,
Because I was so small;
A touching plaint
Sprang to my lips.
The good God said to me: "Sing,
Sing, poor little creature."
To sing then—unless I deceive myself—
Is my task here below.
Will not all whom I entertain
Love me for the songs?

The following translation by Thackeray himself was found among his papers many years after his death by his daughter, Lady Ritchie. It was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1910, and is here reproduced by the kind permission of the editor:

A CASTAWAY

A castaway on this great earth
A sickly child of humble birth
And homely feature
Before me rushed the swift and strong
I thought to perish in the throng
Poor puny creature.

Then crying in my loneliness
I prayed that Heaven in my distress
Some aid would bring
And pitying my misery
My guardian angel said he
Sing poet sing!

Since then my grief is not so sharp
I know my lot and tune my harp
And chant my ditty,
And kindly voices cheer the bard
And gentle hearts his song reward
With love and pity.

199. 5.—*Béranger*, Pierre Jean de (1780-1857); a popular French lyric poet.

199. 20.—*Auburn*. The name which Goldsmith uses in his poem, *The Deserted Village* (1770), for Lissoy, Westmeath county, Ireland.

199. 20.—*Wakefield*. The scene of Goldsmith's novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766). The town is in southern Yorkshire.

200. 13.—*Doctor Primrose*. The good clergyman, the hero of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

201. 18.—*Hedge-schoolmaster.* "Hedge-school: A school kept in a hedge-corner or in the open air, as formerly in Ireland." (Standard Dict.).

201. 19.—*Elphin.* A town in Roscommon county, Province of Connaught, Ireland.

201. 26.—*Noll.* An abbreviation for Oliver. Oliver Cromwell was frequently alluded to as "Old Noll."

201. 30.—"*Mistake of a Night.*" The original title of Goldsmith's famous comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* (1774), which was based on this incident in his career.

202. 1.—*Ardagh.* Town in Longford County, Ireland.

202. 9.—*Æsop.* A Greek writer of fables, who lived in the sixth century B. C. According to tradition he was deformed and ugly.

203. 4.—*Sizar.* At Cambridge University, and at Trinity College, Dublin, a poor student who pays nothing for food, lodging, and tuition. Formerly he was required to perform menial services in return for what was given him; at present, however, the position of sizar corresponds more nearly to that of scholar in an American university.

203. 15.—*The young prodigal came home*, etc. Read the parable of the Prodigal Son in *Luke* XV, 11-32.

203. 24.—*Woolsack.* The cushion on which the Lord Chancellor sits while acting as presiding officer of the House of Lords; here, accordingly, the highest office which young Goldsmith, as a law-student, could dream of securing.

204. 1.—*Farheim, Du Petit.* Famous Parisian physicians of the time. *Du Monceau* A Parisian botanist.

204. 9.—*Ballymahon.* A town in Longford county, Ireland.

204. 18.—"*But me not destined,*" etc. From Goldsmith's *The Traveller* (1764), ll. 23-31.

204. 26.—*I spoke in a former lecture*, etc. See p. 183, ll. 21 ff.

205. 19.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds* (1723-1792). The most celebrated of English portrait painters and one of the most popular Englishmen of his day.

206. 7. *Beattie*, James (1735-1803); a Scotch poet and philosopher who was a favorite of George III's.

206. 9.—*Kelly*, Hugh (1739-1777); a writer of weakly sentimental comedies. His play, *False Delicacy* (1768), was once very popular. He and Goldsmith regarded each other as rivals.

206. 13.—*Newbery kept back the manuscript.* Although Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was submitted to Francis Newbery, the publisher, in 1764, it was withheld from publication until *The Traveller* had established Goldsmith's reputation. The book finally appeared March 27, 1766.

206. 16.—*Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy.* When Goldsmith's famous comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was first offered to the prominent theatrical manager, George Colman (1732-1794), his hesitancy in accepting the play was increased by the fear among his actors that the comedy would be a failure. He finally yielded, however, to the entreaties of Dr. Johnson, and produced the play at Covent Garden, March 15, 1773. It was immediately successful.

206. 21.—*Burke*, Edmund (1729-1797); a famous statesman, celebrated for his opposition to George III's policy in dealing with the American colonies.

206. 21.—*Fox*, Charles James (1749-1805); one of the most celebrated of English statesmen; leader of the Whig party, and one of the most popular men of his time.

207. 9.—*Griffiths*. This letter may be found in Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, p. 102.

208. 1.—*Who has touched on almost every subject of literature*, etc. Quoted from Goldsmith's epitaph; see note to **213**, 6.

209. 15.—"*Here as I take my solitary rounds*," etc. From *The Deserted Village*, ll. 77-112.

210. 26.—*Utopia*. The ideal commonwealth created by Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) in his poem of the same name.

210. 27.—*Yvetot*. A small town in Normandy, about which Béranger wrote a famous ballad, *Le Roi d' Yvetot*. The first stanza of Thackeray's imitation reads as follows:

> There was a king of Yvetot,
> Of whom renown hath little said,
> Who let all thoughts of glory go,
> And dawdled half his days abed;
> And every night, as night came round
> By Jenny with a night-cap crowned,
> Slept very sound:
> Sing ho, ho, ho, and he, he, he,
> That's the kind of king for me.

211. 3. *Ranelagh*. A place of amusement in Chelsea on the north bank of the Thames. These gardens, which were opened in 1742, were frequented by the fast set of London, and were finally closed in 1803 because of the character of the public entertainments given there.

211. 3. *The Pantheon*. A fashionable place of amusement erected on Oxford Street, London, in 1772, and famous long after its destruction by fire in 1792. It was named after the much more famous building in Rome.

211. 4.—*Madame Cornelys*. A popular manager of public balls and other assemblies in London. Her house in Soho Square was for years a fashionable evening resort.

211. 5.—*The Jessamy Bride . . . . . Mary Horneck.* The Jessamy Bride was the playful name which Goldsmith gave to Mary Horneck, the younger daughter of an officer's widow, whom he greatly admired. She married a certain Mr. Gwyn and died in 1840. Her older sister, Catherine, whom the poet called *Little Comedy*, was married in 1771 to the celebrated caricaturist, Henry William Bunbury.

211. 10.—*Gilray*. James Gillray (1757-1815) —Thackeray has misspelled the name —was a celebrated caricaturist who was very popular with his contemporaries in spite of the sharpness of his satire.

211. 22.—*Hazlitt*, William (1778-1830); an English critic, best known by his essays on Shakspere.

211. 23.—*Northcote*, James (1746-1831); a well-known English portrait-painter.

211. 25.—*The younger Colman.* George Colman the Younger (1762-1836) was the son of the theatrical manager who first produced Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer* (see note to **206**, 16). He wrote a memoir of his own life in *Random Records* (1831); this is the source of Thackeray's quotation.

212. 27.—"*I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.*" *The Deserted Village* l. 184; the "good man" is the village pastor.

213. 6.—*The righteous pen that wrote his epitaph.* On Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey is an epitaph written by Doctor Samuel Johnson which contains the following famous line: "Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit," —"Who left untouched no form of writing, nor touched any that he did not adorn."

214. 7. —*He cannot come to London*, etc. A direct allusion, of course, to Goldsmith. See p. 203, ll. 21-27.

215. 6.—*The Tatler.* Steele.

215. 6.—*The Citizen of the World.* The pen-name used by Goldsmith in the *Letters from a Chinese Merchant residing in London to his friends in the East* (1762).

215. 29.—*Bon jour.* Good day.

216. 4.—*Grand homme incompris.* Great man not understood.

CHARITY AND HUMOR

"Thackeray has himself put on record the originating source of his lecture on *Charity and Humor*, about this time, when we returned once more to New York. Some friends wished to benefit a "Ladies' Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor," and he volunteered to write a new discourse to be delivered for that purpose.

"He took a whole day for the task, lying down in his favorite recumbent position in bed, smoking, whilst dictating fluently the phrases as they came. I took them down, with little or no intermission from breakfast-time till late in the dusk of evening. The dinner-gong sounded, and the manuscript was then completed. . . . . The charge of self-repetition, made heedlessly against it, was scarcely avoidable in the first part, which is a recapitulation of the "Humorists' " drift of purpose. These eighteenth century wits are passed in review in the first half, as a foil to their subsequent comparison with the modern forms of "Humor" and "Charity" to be found in the works of contemporaries, and to whom a noble tribute of respectful admiration is paid so touchingly. Doubtless the incentive of a benevolent motive was inspiring to the author.

"The lecture was first given a day or two after, on the 31st of January, at the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The charge for each ticket was one dollar, and the net result was about twelve hundred dollars. The ladies expressed their gratification at this windfall." —*With Thackeray in America* by Eyre Crowe, Thackeray's secretary.

217. 18.—*Week-day preachers.* Thackeray has also used this phrase in the lecture on Swift (p. 36, l. 10.)

218. 15.—*Hood,* Thomas (1798-1845); an English poet and humorist.

218. 25.—*Tartuffe.* A religious hypocrite in Molière's drama, *Tartuffe.*

218. 25.—*Joseph Surface.* See note to **180**, 30.

218. 25.—*Stiggins.* A hypocritical parson in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers.*

218. 26.—*Chadband.* A bland, oily clergyman in Dickens's *Bleak House.*

219. 2.—*Pharisee.* A member of an ancient Jewish sect who paid such strict attention to the form of their worship that their name has come to be applied to all hypocritical, ostentatious worshippers.

221. 23.—*The carriage in Monsieur Dessein's court-yard . . . . the dead donkey.* See Thackeray's sixth lecture, p. 194, ll. 5ff.

221. 25.—*Shandrydan.* A crude, ramshackle cart.

222. 4.—*Le Fevre . . . . . Uncle Toby.* See note to **186**, 7.

222. 14.—*He chisels his savage indignation on his tomb-stone.* See note to **51**, 25.

222. 28.—*Lady Masham* (1670-1734); a court lady who was a favorite of Queen Anne's.

223. 4.—*Tisdall,* William (1669-1735); an English controversialist and early friend of Swift's. He incurred the Dean's hatred when, in 1704, he announced his intention of becoming a suitor for the hand of Stella (Hester Johnson).

223. 15.—*Money . . . . . which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough.* See p. 69, ll. 21 ff.

223. 20.—*Euclid.* An Alexandrian geometer who flourished in the third century B. C., and has left his name to the system of geometry which he devised.

223. 23.—*Flic-flac.* "A kind of step in dancing." (New English Dict.).

224. 5.—*Monsieur Pirouette.* Thackeray's name for the dancing-master mentioned on the preceding page.

224. 10.—*Epicureans.* See note to **44**, 7.

224. 12.—*Anacreon* (563? -478 ? B. C.). A Greek lyric poet famous for his poems of wine and love.

225. 19.—*Pall-Mall.* (Pronounced *pell-mell*). A fashionable street in London.

225. 24.—*Sir Roger de Coverley.* See note to **89**, 13.

226. 15.—*Hidalgo Don Quixote. Hidalgo* is a Spanish title of nobility, equivalent substantially to the English title of *Lord.* For *Don Quixote* see note to **133**, 31.

226. 20.—*Mr. Spectator, with his short face.* Addison, who contributed to the *Spectator.* In the first of these papers the Spectator describes himself as "a short-faced gentleman."

227. 4.—*Foundling Hospital . . . . . Captain Coram.* Thomas Coram (1668? -1751) was an explorer and philanthropist whose sympathy for abandoned children led to his securing in 1742 subscriptions for a foundling hospital in London. Hogarth was among the subscribers.

227. 16.—*Cothurnus.* A boot with a thick sole, which was worn on the stage by the actors in Greek tragedy; hence the word has come to stand for formal tragedy.

227. 27.—*Comedy of the Restoration.* See p. 69 ff., and note to **69**, 26.

228. 12.—"*Gulliver.*" See note to **37**, 13.

228. 13.—"*Jonathan Wild.*" See note to **159**, 15.

228. 21.—"*Tom Jones.*" See note to **174**, 5.

228. 22.—*Doctor Harrison.* See note to **160**, 12.

228. 22.—*Parson Adams . . . . . Joseph Andrews.* See note to **166**, 28.

228. 29.—*Blifil . . . . . Sophia.* See note to **180**, 1.

229. 10.—*Olivia . . . . . Moses.* Children of Dr. Primrose, in Goldsmith's novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

229. 24.—*Béranger.* See note to **199**, 5.

229. 28.—*Burns,* Robert (1759-1796); the national poet of Scotland.

230. 23.—*Fons lachrymarum.* The fountain of tears.

231. 17.—*Brighton.* A popular English sea-side resort, forty-seven miles south of London.

232. 11.—*Berlin cotton gloves.* A knit cotton glove manufactured in Berlin.

232. 14.—*Fanny Forester.* A stock name for a melodramatic heroine.

232. 15.—*Tom Bowling.*—A stock name for a sailor.

233. 7.—*Mr. Punch.* See note to **56**, 6, and *Introduction*, p. 15.

233. 13.—*Jerrold,* Douglas (1803-1857); an English dramatist and humorist.

233. 16.—"*Vanity Fair.*" One of Thackeray's most famous novels; published in 1847-8. This entire passage illustrates Thackeray's habit of stepping out of his shoes and criticizing himself and his works as though he were not the author of them.

234. 23.—*The charities of Mr. Dickens.* Read Dickens's letter to Thackeray in response to this generous tribute,—*Introduction*, p. 22.

235. 20.—*Two that do.* A reference, of course, to Thackeray's two daughters.

236. 7.—*When . . . . "Nicholas Nickleby" came out.* Dickens's novel, *Nicholas Nickleby,* was published serially between April, 1838 and October, 1839. A considerable part of the book is given up to an attack upon the cheap schools of Yorkshire, of which "Dotheboys Hall" was a type.

236. 19.—*Squeers.* The brutal and ignorant proprietor of "Dotheboys Hall" in *Nicholas Nickleby.*

236. 24.—*Crummles . . . . . the Phenomenon.* Characters in *Nicholas Nickleby.*

237. 1.—*Marchioness . . . . Mr. Richard Swiveller.* Characters in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop.*

237. 2.—*Oliver Twist . . . . . the artful Dodger.* Characters in Dickens's *Oliver Twist.*

237. 6.—*Sairey Gamp.* An ignorant nurse in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit,* who is constantly backing up her own opinions by references to an imaginary *Mrs. Harris.*

237. 10.—*Micawber.* An eccentric character in Dickens's *David Copperfield.*

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